Next Month

and later

THE AGE OF USELESSNESS

Channing Pollock

Truly youth is being served today — but in tragic fashion for many no longer young. If you are 35 or 40 or 45 years of age and you lose your job, do you know what your chances are of finding another? Doubtless you do know that many employers refuse to hire middle-aged persons, but is this sound economics or merely cruel prejudice? Surely it is a dreadful thing to learn that you have outlived your usefulness to our productive system when you have only just reached a comfortable maturity. Channing Pollock has made it his business to find out the facts in this situation, viewed everywhere with growing concern, and he sets them forth in an article you will not want to miss.

HOPKINS CARRIES ON

Raymond Clapper

The procession of New Dealers who have come and gone in high Administration circles since March, 1933, is a long one. Many were called, but few have stuck it out. Harry Hopkins is not only the ranking veteran of this corps but, in spite of all the punishment he has taken on the firing line, he still retains the vigor and enthusiasm that fired the early days of the Administration. In this he is unique. Hopkins' administration of relief spending is so gigantic a job that, were it a nongovernmental enterprise, his name would be among the titans of finance, on everybody's lips. As it is, he is known chiefly as a guy who passes out a lot of checks. Raymond Clapper, Scripps Howard's crack Washington correspondent, describes the sort of man to whom the wielding of this power has been given.

THE EMBARRASSMENT OF BEING DIFFERENT

John Hodgdon Bradley

"Man has no quarrel with evolution so long as it is presumed to have been a struggle toward perfection which ended with his arrival." In another of his pungent and witty essays, Mr. Bradley explores some of the egotistic fallacies that men have evolved in the course of their interpretation of the facts of nature. He is particularly critical of the "simple and sublime" theory that the earth belongs, by immortal destiny, to the nation of white men with the strongest army.

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and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH *Editor*

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THE BOOK FORUM

400 MILLION CUSTOMERS — Carl Crow (Harper, $3.00).

POISONS, POTIONS, PROFITS — Peter Morell (Knight, $2.00).

DO YOU WANT TO WRITE? — Margaret Widdemer (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00).

THE MAKING OF A SCIENTIST — Raymond L. Ditmars (Macmillan, $2.75).

THE GONCOURT JOURNALS — Edited & translated by Lewis Galantière (Doubleday, Doran, $3.50).

THE LIFE OF PAUL GAUGUIN — Robert Burnett (Oxford, $3.50).

JONATHAN SWIFT — Bertram Newman (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50).

THE EDUCATION OF H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N — Leonard Q. Ross (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00).

OLEANDER RIVER — G. B. Stern (Macmillan, $2.50).

HE DID NOT DIE AT MEYERLING — the autobiography of "R," written in collaboration with Henry Lanier (Lippincott, $3.00).

If the Japanese had asked advice from an American named Carl Crow, they might have saved themselves the present trouble of trying to shoot their way into China. No people on earth, says Mr. Crow, have the quintessential sales resistance of the Chinese. Before they accept anything, they test it for quality, price, and general usefulness. If it is found wanting, woe to the dealer (or diplomat) who offered it. Not even bullets, it appears, will induce them to adopt an article of doubtful value. Mr. Crow's respect for and delight in Chinese habits of common-sense judgment come from his 25 years as head of an advertising agency in Shanghai. His *400 Million Customers* is the whimsical, engaging record of adventures with merchants and prospective Oriental buyers of everything from pink pills to poker rules. In addition he has given us that rare thing, a loving and observant portrait of a people whose ways are not his own ways.

With all the zest of Sherlock Holmes he notes his progress through the mystery of Chinese markets. Why, for instance, did second-hand horseshoes from Hamburg sell, when identical horseshoes from New York could not find a single buyer? The answer is as logical, once you understand the Chinese, as it is fantastic. This and a hundred other astonishing problems make the book a combination detective-story travel-romance. Through it all runs Mr. Crow's own sly humor and practical wisdom. No more salty and illuminating book on China is likely to appear in many a season.

Less canny than the Chinese apparently are American buyers, according to Peter Morell. "A little alcohol, a little water, some coloring matter, a large advertising campaign, and you have it — a new, miraculous remedy." This is the thesis of *Poisons, Potions, Profits*, a study of radio advertising which Mr. Morell has based on reports from Consumers Union. Consumer movements are not new to this country, as The Forum has had occasion to point out. The vast and successful Scandinavian consumers' organizations have given cumulative precedent and guidance to similar American groups. Among them is Consumers Union which, though it has nothing to sell, devotes itself to advice on what to buy and what not to buy.

Mr. Morell starts his book from an unusual point of view. Rather than discuss advertising in a particular place like China or of a particular commodity like cosmetics, he anatomizes the whole technique of radio ballyhoo. It is, he finds, the lineal descendant of medicine shows and their fraudulent cure-alls: streamlined snake oil poured on the ether waves. There are fireworks in his facts. He names names. And his themes — "The slenderizing way to death"; "Some are hanged"; "Not a cure in a carload" — for all their irony lead somewhere. No Socrates he, speaking futile wisdom before he downs the hemlock offered by a legion of sponsors. Though the products you are cajoled and crooned into buying are bad, says Mr. Morell, you need not lose heart. Knowing the enormous remedial energy native to us consumers, he draws up a hopeful, persuasive plan for making this country a safe place to shop in.

Lest you think all radio broadcasting is quackery, we cite you Margaret Widdemer, whose recent series of radio talks on the arts of authorship has been collected and enlarged into a volume called *Do You Want to Write?* In somewhat the manner of a trusted but frank family doctor comes Miss Widdemer to cure your ailing stories and bring new ones into the world. Herself a novelist and poet, she has a warm and generous spirit about her craft. Its secrets, she believes, belong not to a small fraternity of the elect but to all who have genuine creative yearnings. That is, to the whole world of housewives, stenographers, bank pres-

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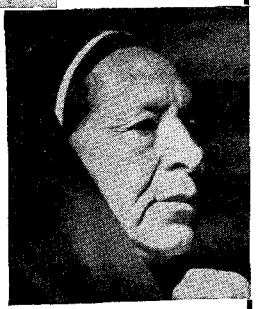

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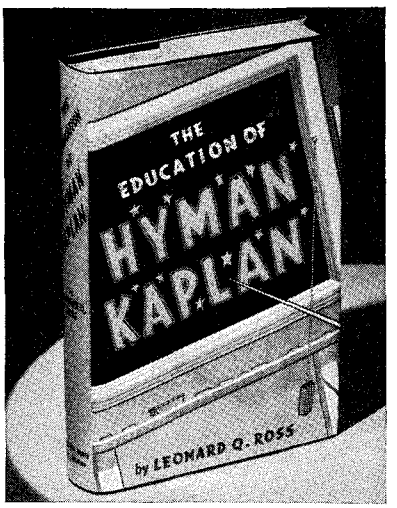
idents, factory hands who have plots and ideas but no encouragement. (You would be amazed at how many of the stories you read were written by people with just such full-time jobs.)

Miss Widdemer makes, however, no promises of best sellers overnight. Starting with a plan of self-analysis for the beginner, she leads on through early practice work to as clever and sensible a lot of checks, tests, and methods as you could ask for.

WE commonly expect a scientist to be impersonal, but when that stern virtue extends over into the realm of autobiography most of us turn gingerly away. Not so, however, with Raymond L. Ditmars' *Making of a Scientist.* A more apt title might have been *My Science in the Making*, but it would be hard to conceive any warmer, more colorful treatment of the material.

Naturalists, we are reminded by this book, are one up on others of the fact-finding clan. They deal with flowers, animals, weather — not ions or invisible rays. They travel and can mix adventure with data. These advantages all naturalists have, but Dr. Ditmars has still another. He can write — and not only about the reptiles that have been the basis of his fame. Volcanoes, hurricanes, Civil War battles, fire engines, giant vampire bats — these and a thousand other things have at one time or another been studied by this perennial enthusiast. Learning, knowing, and discovering still more are his passions. As if he, a great herpetologist, were afraid of being called narrow, his book becomes a kind of inspired argument for wide and scattered interests. Digging first here and then there has deepened the bed of his river and by no means dissipated its flow. Largely by emphasizing the material he has delved into, Dr. Ditmars makes the gusto of his intense life contagious.

THE scene is the American Night Preparatory School for Adults; the hero, a delectable gentleman who insists on signing himself in colored crayon with a sprinkling of asterisks. The result as narrated by Leonard Q. Ross is *The Education of H*y*m*a*n K*a*p*l*a*n.* Mr. Kaplan is the kind of pupil who strikes terror to any teacher's soul — he thinks for himself. With consummate logic, Mr. Kaplan believes that the opposite of *new* is *second hand;* that the superlative of *good* is *foist class;* that a proper conjugation would be "fail, failed, bankropt." But it is as interpreter of Shaksbeer that Mr. Kaplan shines with his most blinding light. The poet, he maintains, is a pessimist "because is *life* pessimist also." In fact, "life is a tale told by idjots, dat's all, full of fonny sonds an' phooey!" *The Education* is no mere nonsense book — it is



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classic laughter worthy to follow in the footsteps of the writer Mr. Kaplan knew as *Mocktvain.*

CANADA'S quints or a convention of identical twins are always good for a few inches of type in any paper. By the same token, single personalities which dwell simultaneously in two bodies are worthy of public notice. Such were the brothers Edmond and Jules Goncourt, whose *Journals*, after 50 forbidden years, are just now published in English. Once when far into maturity, these twin spirits noted in their joint diary that not even a woman had ever kept them apart for as much as 30 hours. Entries in their unique day book run the whole gamut of oneness. "We sprang hastily out of bed. . . . We moved into the dining room and sat down. . . . In a moment of despair over our health. . . ." These are characteristic.

Plays the Goncourts wrote together — and realistic novels and nostalgic history and skeptical essays. But their greatest combined genius lay in storing up a minute record of exquisite boredoms, delectable mistresses, impertinent bons mots. Suave anecdotes by the score made the *Journals* unpublishable during the lifetime of certain notables whom the brothers sketched with such wit and keen observation. From the ascension of Napoleon III to the ascendance of the Commune, urbanity thrived in drawing rooms swung tenuously between two great social upheavals. These are the years of the *Journals*, which in Lewis Galantière's translation lose no bit of the sheen and finish of their epoch. Petty, many of the notations in this surprising volume, but of their kind perfect. As a touchstone to their perverse book, take this from the last page: Edmond, medical evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, firmly believed his brother died of "the labors of art, a *travail of style.*" Be that as it may, the *Journals* are amusing precisely because of this suicidal fixation on *le mot juste.*

ANOTHER Frenchman whose idiosyncrasies enhance a hard-earned reputation is Paul Gauguin. Paradoxes were the stuff of his career. He came peacefully into the world in a year of political upheaval (1848) and died in utter torment on an idyllic South Sea island. He prospered on the Bourse but chose instead the insecurity of Bohemia. Though dark-skinned — he was part Peruvian — Gauguin chose a fair-haired Dane for a wife.

Centering attention on the very complex problem of Gauguin the Man, his biographer, Robert Burnett, leaves estimates of the brash-colored canvases to another pen. He has found more than enough to make full narrative out of scores of escapades which in reality were only escapes. Gauguin fled more than once from Paris to the beloved backwardness of Brittany. Day laboring on the Panama Canal marked another station in his long retreat. Then Martinique, Tahiti, and finally his House of Carnal Pleasure, the home he built in the Marquesas Islands.

A pendulum swinging always between extremes, the great impressionist painter had likewise an inner stability which made him a genius. He was decidedly more than an aesthetic freak in a side show to be stared at. And Mr. Burnett has learned the exact quantities in which his respect for Gauguin should be leavened with science — and humor.

ANOTHER and equally full record of a furious life is Bertram Newman's *Jonathan Swift.* Raconteur, satirist, misanthrope, Tory poet, Swift was at the same time, as any schoolboy knows, a fearless defender of the oppressed Irish people. Few greater shapers of English prose ever lived and few greater contradictions. These facts, the many touching and troubling surmises about Swift's never consummated loves, his eternally thwarted ambitions, are the solid material with which Mr. Newman has builded his biography. Swift was a pillar of Anglican orthodoxy, and yet he wrote some of the most foul obscenity in English. He was fabulously independent, yet he could grovel before mediocrity when it had power. But never, it seems, could he do the proper obeisance at the right time to get the preferments and advancement he so much desired.

The long and short of it is that Swift was highly neurotic. Mr. Newman, who is not carried away by recent scientific estimates of the cause of Swift's ultimate insanity, nevertheless includes valuable medical and psychological data. Vast original contributions to Swift scholarship are outside the author's purpose, as is any vulgar emphasis on the sensational. Like his subject, Mr. Newman prefers the conventional to the novel when it comes to a question of values. And, again in the Swift tradition, he writes clear, firm prose. Not being primarily contentious, the volume will stir fewer battles among the bookworms than some biographies have, and, being careful, it will command much respect.

ONCE in a while there comes along a novel that leaves any but the most intransigent reader warm with satisfaction. G. B. Stern's *Oleander River* is one of these. After two whirlwind pages that promise a secret plot, the story takes a surprising and rather delightful turn to leeward with young love in cottage and castle on the south coast of France. Two English families, a wild French doctor, and a grandiose gardener are the people Miss

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News of New Books

Stern guides with surety through difficult times. Her romance is touched always with mystery, and no sober inquiry into human relationships goes without its counterpoint of subtle fun poking. This is not the greatest of Miss Stern's novels, but we should be willing to wager it is the one she loves the best.

PERHAPS you have a neighbor with a strong undershot jaw and a willful upper lip. Perhaps he is urbane, polyglot, in some indefinable way mysterious. He once had a connection with a laboratory and is now a successful businessman. Perhaps, then, he is a Hapsburg in mufti, the much fabled, almost fabulous son of Crown Prince Rudolph, grandson of Emperor Franz Joseph. Last year Louis Adamic took one of the hundred legends about this unapparent heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary and turned it to fiction in *The Cradle of Life*. Now the whole complex of speculation is resolved — and by no less a person than the long lost prince himself.

He Did Not Die at Meyerling, written in collaboration with Henry Lanier, gives a melodramatic but documented account that is at once a biography of Prince Rudolph, an autobiography of "R," his son, and a potpourri of amazing anecdotes. Rudolph never took his own life in the hunting lodge at Meyerling. The carefully staged sham suicide, complete with a body resembling his own, was designed to give this unhappy crown prince freedom from public life. An American doctor who arranged the scene had previously adopted Rudolph's legitimate son. The interweaving lives of the father, the boy, the doctor — who was also a sort of free-lance spy — make a fascinating study in international intrigue and in the psychology of royalty born too late to rule. "R" lives, for instance, as an ardent American citizen, while feeling every inch a Hapsburg; he loathes war yet believes in strict military discipline; he rails at Napoleon but condones Hitler. All this Henry Lanier chronicles ably and with just the proper bit of drama. His trademark on a work has the effect of taking a tuck in what might otherwise seem a tall tale.

M. L. ELTING

NEWS of New Books

(Courtesy *The Publishers' Weekly*)

The Arts, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (Simon & Schuster, $3.95). A story of all branches of the arts — painting, architecture, music, etc. — through all periods of history.

Europa in Limbo, by Robert Briffault (Scribner, $2.75). Some of the characters from *Europa* reappear in this novel, which covers the period from the outbreak of the World War through the triumph of bolshevism in Russia.

The Good Society, by Walter Lippmann (Little, Brown, $3.00). The noted columnist sums up 25 years of thought on the subject of government.

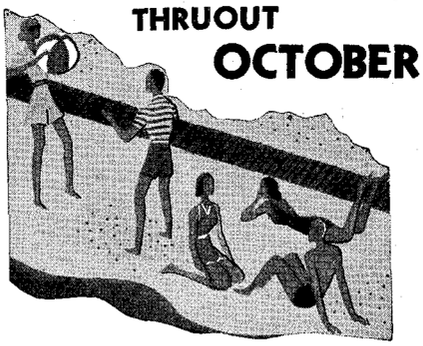
Heyday in a Vanished World, by Stephen Bonsal (Norton, $3.50). A newspaper correspondent for James Gordon Bennett and the old *New York Herald* relates his experiences on a roving commission in Europe in the late nineteenth century.

John Cornelius, by Hugh Walpole (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The story of a great English writer, who is, presumably, Walpole himself.

General Chiang Kai-Shek, by General & Madame Chiang Kai-Shek (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). An account of the fortnight during which the great Chinese leader was held prisoner by a rival general.

The Red Pony, by John Steinbeck (Covici-Friede, $10.00). Limited edition of a childhood story by Steinbeck.

The Memoirs of Sir Ronald Storrs (Putnam, $5.00). The autobiography of a great English colonial administrator and authority.



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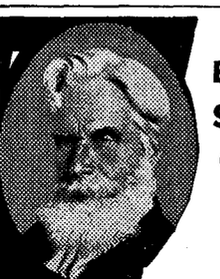

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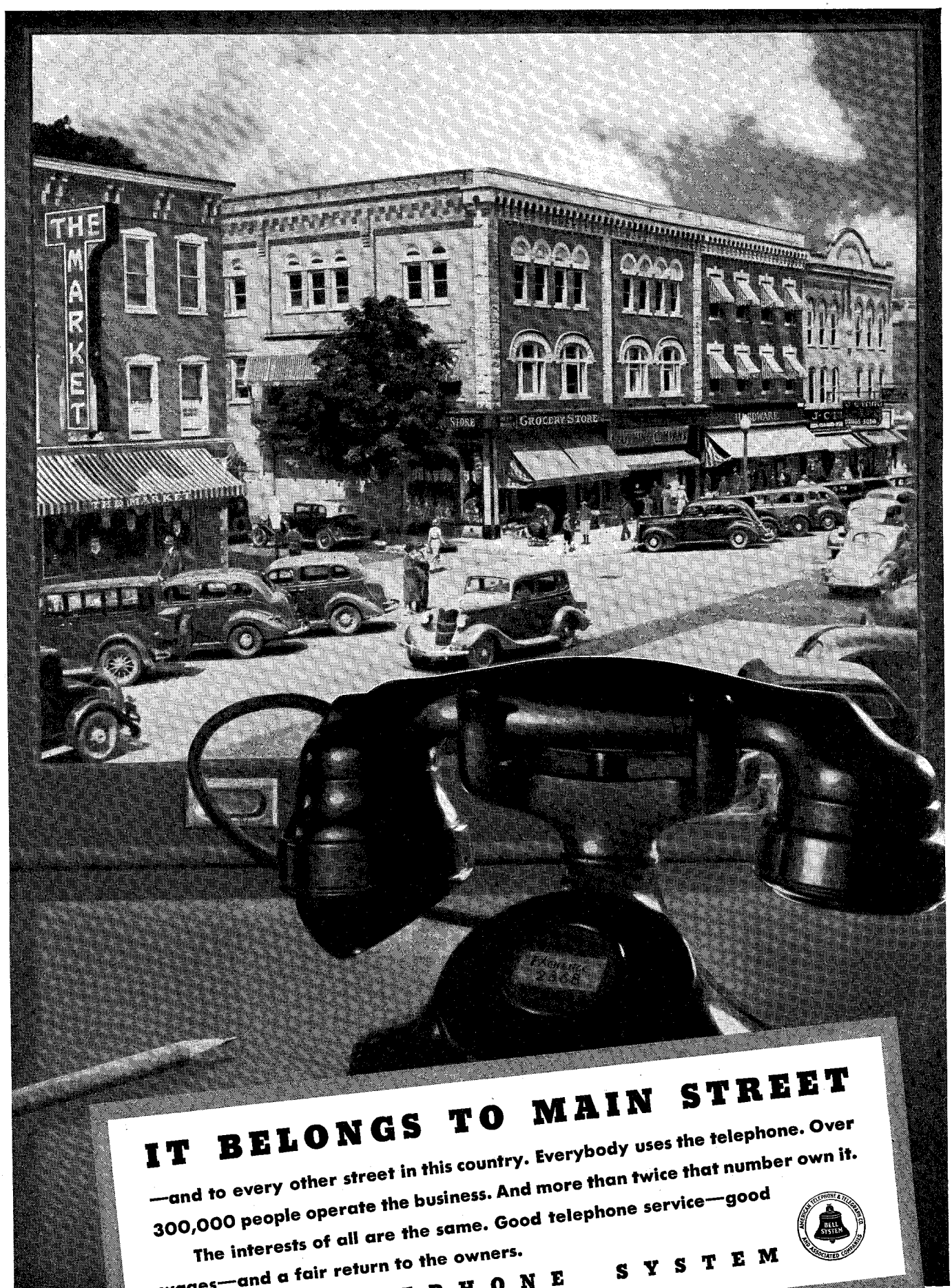

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F O R U M
and Century

OCTOBER, 1937 VOL. XCVIII, NO. 4

Better Local Government

Editorial Foreword

WHEN DEMOCRACY gets clogged up it has to yield to efficiency.

Local government throughout America today is groping toward efficiency and away from that ramshacklism which was the shoddy collapse of democratic principles. The old system allowed one half the village to employ the other half to play politics for it. The officials of the village were overlapped by those of the county, the State, the federal government. They were elected on the basis of their political convictions — say about trade with China — rather than their ability to see that the municipality was served with pure milk. Small local units duplicated the fire stations, waterworks, and other services of their next-door neighbors.

The popular horse-and-buggy form of municipal government in the United States is the mayor–city-council formula. In early days the council attended to the policing and street-cleaning and what little else the taxpayers demanded, whereas the mayor appeared in his top hat for formal occasions. As the demand for public services expanded and parks, water, schools, transportation, courts, hospitals became duties of the city fathers, the mayor was saddled with heavy executive tasks. Changing the reins of responsibility every two years and putting them in the hands of a green politician was a biennial invitation to disorder and confusion as well as to graft, crime, and municipal bankruptcy.

In the editorial foreword for September, it was stated of the Civilian Conservation Corps that "the chief objection to army management is the fear that the camps may some day be used for military training, which is not prohibited." Military training in the CCC camps is strictly forbidden, and this sentence should have read, "which is now *prohibited."*

Two New Patterns

IN RECENT years two new types of city government have emerged to challenge mayor-and-council. They are government by commission and government by city manager. Commission government received its impetus from the City of Galveston. Before the tidal wave of 1900, Galveston had not enjoyed an enviable reputation for civic behavior. The tidal wave gave the citizens an opportunity to clean house. A new charter was drafted and approved by the legislature, placing administration in the hands of five commissioners. These commissioners were exemplary citizens, not experts. Each became responsible for a city department, but he delegated the executive work to an employee with technical qualifications. On the first wave of enthusiasm Galveston achieved a new high in government. The city became beautiful, and its finances clean.

However, other cities did not rush to imitate the Galveston model. The proposition sounded too autocratic. In 1907, Des Moines modified the Galveston commission setup by instituting democratic checks and balances — recall, initiative, referendum. The Des Moines Commission Plan did become

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popular, and was adopted by some 500 cities.

But the commission form of local government received a setback when bosses came out of hiding again and named the commissioners. Commissions were succeeded in popularity by the city-manager plan. This system received its national imprint when it was adopted by Dayton, Ohio, in 1913. By 1936, at least 436 American cities were operating under city-manager systems. Several larger cities had tried it but not the very largest. By the city-manager plan the citizens elect a small council on a nonpartisan ticket. The council elects one man to manage the city according to its instructions. He is the best man they can get for the money at home or abroad. One of the most famous city managers is C. A. Dykstra of Cincinnati, who has recently become President of the University of Wisconsin. The economies effected by the city-manager cities, the beautification of public works, the improvements in the schools, the enhancement of the municipal bonds, the decrease in crime, and the splendid way in which city-manager cities rode out the depression are matters of public knowledge.

The profession of city manager has become a technical pursuit apart from politics. Witness the career of one city manager who served successively six cities on salaries rising from $3,600 to $20,000.

In New Jersey the chaos of units, of fiscal embarrassments and overlapping jurisdictions, is now being studied by the Princeton Local Government Survey. This survey is set up by Princeton University under the chairmanship of President Harold W. Dodds. A corps of experts is compiling facts and recommendations under the direction of Dr. John F. Sly, who recently assisted West Virginia in reorganizing State and local government. Free pamphlets of a graphic character relating to local budgets, joint services, and personnel are being placed at the disposal of the public.

New Jersey is run and overridden by 565 municipalities — exclusive of 21 counties and a host of *ad hoc* authorities. Budgets that balance within the requirements of sound fiscal practice are the exception. Except for water, sewers, and a few school districts, there is very little effort toward the pooling of public services. Such is the duplication that anyone entering New Jersey at the entrance of the Holland Tunnel may be confronted by police officers representing any one of five overlapping jurisdictions.

It is to be hoped that, without undue interference with local democracy, the State of New Jersey will soon set up a State advisory commission which will supply local units with restraints and guidance in the direction of a more complete expression of local self-government.

La Guardia

On January 1, 1934, Fiorello La Guardia became Mayor of New York City, the most complicated of all local government units in America. Thomas Edison used to say that American efficiency broke down when it attempted to cross the Hudson River into Manhattan. Slowly but surely New York has been reforming. Relics of the old horse-and-buggy type of administration by mayor and council or aldermen still persists, but the real power is vested in a smaller group, the board of estimate, in which the mayor has three votes. The city also co-ordinates certain services with neighboring jurisdictions. Thus we see the three types of recent municipal reform — commission, city manager, co-operation — modified in this greatest American local unit.

But the exercise of reform depends on personality, and that La Guardia has supplied with his clean leadership, practical, two-fisted, happy, imaginative. In appointing technical heads of departments he has not asked what party ticket they voted or even whether they were citizens of New York. Filth has been swept from the streets, and graft from the markets. Parks and playgrounds, health centers, art exhibitions and public music, cheap foods and fresh fruits are evidence of his devoted management and presence in every precinct of the city. Within two years the bonds of the City of New York, which were selling as low as $76 for a $100 bond, advanced, on the wave of public confidence in the management of the city, to $121.

Under their new charter this autumn the people of New York will inaugurate the experiment of electing their aldermen by proportional representation. They will apparently also have an opportunity to make a new record by re-electing for the first time a reform mayor.

Henry Goddard Leach

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La Guardia Will Win

by **SUTHERLAND DENLINGER**

Drawing by S. Robles

THOSE GOOD FOLK who still hold, in the face of discouraging evidence to the contrary, that the world spirals upward — that progress is not restricted to automatic machine guns, poison gases, and methods for the suppression or elimination of minorities — may glean sorely needed reassurance from the returns in the coming municipal elections in New York City.

Prophecy is a risky business. But it is a business on which, in our cockeyed time, almost anyone is prepared to embark, and who am I to stand out against a trend? Fiorello H. La Guardia, the short, swart, and sartorially sloppy genius who brought to City Hall the most poetic name and the most difficult disposition in all its long history, will — barring an act of God — be re-elected mayor.

Believe this (and your belief will be shared, secretly and sadly, by many of the stalwarts who beat dutifully on the big drums of a demoralized and disunited opposition) and you must admit the possibility of progress. For La Guardia, should he achieve a second term, will have established a record unique in the annals of this largest and most careless and cynical of cities.

Back at the turn of the century Seth Low, a fusionist and reformer who suffered the usual fate of fusionists and reformers and was booted out at the end of his first term, analyzed philosophically the reasons for his defeat. When he first ran, reasoned Mr. Low, his had been a platform against vice, and everyone was interested in vice. Two years later, however, his platform of necessity was "a program of pro-virtue" — and nobody, he remarked wistfully, was interested in virtue.

The son of an army bandmaster who is making an almost arrogantly independent bid for another four years at the head of a $5,600,000-a-day business would probably not put it so naïvely, but that's his program, too. Positive virtue! "I want," he said, "to find out whether the City of New York really wants a nonpolitical, nonpartisan administration."

POSITIVE ACCOMPLISHMENTS

HE RESTORED the city's credit, wrecked under Tammany; he filled the city departments with "career" men and established a policy of promotion by merit, even to appointive offices; he attacked and destroyed rackets; he struck out at the political fixers who had acted as middlemen in the citizen's contact with the municipal government; he reorganized the services and the administration of relief.

Under his regime, technicians were placed in charge of the vital work of health and sanitation; such racketeer-ridden, inefficient organizations as the Department of Markets were rehabilitated. He did not care where he found his men, so they were the men he wanted; when necessary he went outside of the city for them, and he was utterly indifferent to their politics.

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In this last fact of La Guardia's indifference to the politics of his appointees lies an explanation for the coldness with which the leaders of the Republican machine responded to his second candidacy. On the surface, their lack of enthusiasm would seem extraordinary. Why should a party so discredited and bedraggled, the seat of its pants worn thin from many beatings, not leap at such an opportunity as the Mayor presented? What was wrong with a man who combined the popular virtue of genuine liberalism with the ability to get along with citizens' budget commissions and taxpayer organizations? A man who had re-established municipal finances, completed a great city-owned subway system, replaced antiquated trolleys with busses (recall the Walker Administration and the "bus deals"?) fought to substitute modern, low-cost housing for firetrap tenements?

The thing that was wrong, one suspects, was the failure of the Mayor to distribute patronage to the politicians of the Republican machine. For a politician is a politician, whether he owe allegiance to Tammany or to the Republican boss or to James Aloysius Farley.

La Guardia had another conception of loyalty. He had spoken of it time and time again during his campaign, but the machine politicians did not believe him. Their astonishment and chagrin when the jobs were not forthcoming were pitiful to behold; starved, their organizations withered and died. The Little Flower (Fiorello) did not care.

It was not mere planless idealism. The fierce little fellow at City Hall is as practical, in his way, as the most astute of Tammany leaders (in the days when Tammany leaders were astute). Disdaining the regimented allegiance of a machine, with its district clubs and its feudal structure, he reached out toward great blocs.

Smart Vote Getter

By deed and word he appealed to labor; to the great, inert middle-class mass which could be won by honesty and economy; to the hundreds of thousands who, victims of the depression, were forced to subsist on relief (it has been a long time since the last hunger march to City Hall). His tirades against Hitler and the Nazis sprang undoubtedly from deep feeling and conviction, but they were none the less compelling arguments in his favor with the city's tremendous Jewish population. And his distaste for Fascism did not prevent him from lending his presence to Italian mass meetings at which other speakers praised Il Duce.

The tricks of the demagogue are his, although he works to another end. He is a tremendously forceful speaker, at his best when talking extemporaneously. To see him in action; black hair tousled, perspiration rolling down cragged face, arms outstretched from stumpy body for lectern thumping or gesticulation, is to view a blending of volcano and typhoon.

Occasionally the dynamic passion which rules La Guardia slops over into impulsive, ill-considered speech or action. Extremely sensitive, he has been a terror to many a working newspaperman from the very moment of his election. For a good part of the vacation cruise which followed the 1932 campaign he refused to speak to them, and there have been many periods since when His Honor was at outs with Room Nine, the reporters' den at City Hall.

Nevertheless there are few, even among those who have suffered most from his tantrums, who do not admit, however grudgingly, that he has been the best mayor the city has ever had. They know his prodigious drive, his burning sincerity; they have witnessed his phenomenal accomplishments.

The Mayor's short temper and quick anger have, because they make good copy, been overemphasized. At times unjust, arrogant, overbearing, it is nonetheless true that he retains the loyalty and affection of his aides. It was death, not quarrels, that cut into the ranks of his cabinet, taking from him a brilliant comptroller in W. Arthur Cunningham, an able president of the Board of Aldermen in Bernard S. Deutsch.

La Guardia had many quarrels with Deutsch, but they always ended in reconciliation. It takes fortitude to stand up to the Little Flower, but a man of fortitude can do it. When he is wrong he will, the heat gone out of him, admit it.

There is a clue to the Mayor's character in the fact that always, prior to his advent at City Hall, he had been in opposition — as a seven-term representative in Congress, as President of the Board of Aldermen. Fighting always for minorities, he learned thoroughly the technique of attack, and there were those — four years

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ago — who said that he could learn no other. They were not wrong, but, as an administrative technique in a racket-ridden city, La Guardia's method has been successful.

The little man has had an astounding life and, since he is only 55, there are likely to be many additional chapters. Born on Varick Street in New York City of an Italian father and an Italian-Jewish mother, his boyhood spent in the Arizona army post at which his father was bandmaster, he passed examinations for the consular service at eighteen, served in Budapest and at Trieste, returned to complete a law course at New York University at night, working days as an interpreter on Ellis Island.

His mastery of languages — he has Italian, French, German, Yiddish, a number of the Slavonic tongues — has stood him in good stead in polyglot Manhattan. His War record (he was a member of Congress when he went into the flying corps, emerged a major after service on the Italian front) might also have aided him, except that he has consistently refused to exploit it.

"I am not a soldier candidate," he said when Sam Koenig, back in the immediate post-War days, persuaded him to run for president of the Board of Aldermen. "The fact that I am an aviator has nothing to do with my qualifications for public office."

A completely charming person when he is in the mood for it, the Mayor has made few new social contacts since taking office, and his private life remains what it has always been — a comfortable domesticity enlivened, occasionally, by the presence of old friends. With Mrs. La Guardia, a quiet, pleasant, intelligent woman who was once his secretary, and their two adopted children, he lives in a modest apartment on the upper reaches of Fifth Avenue — where that thoroughfare ceases to be an especially fashionable street.

His capacity for work is terrific: his days are customarily sixteen hours long, and he is always ready to extend them if necessary. Being mayor, of course, provides a deep channel for his enormous energies; the job is probably, in a fundamental sense, sheer pleasure. Unlike his predecessors, he is the whole show, a benevolent despot.

Nonpolitical Government

This is a fine thing for the town, as evidenced in a thousand ways. But it raises a question — what is to come after him? He has always spurned political organizations, or used them for his own purpose — Republican, Democrat, Socialist — the labels mean nothing to him, and the leadership behind the labels even less.

And yet, in America at least, public affairs are ruled by political parties, with concrete programs and a continuity of existence. When La Guardia steps down, how are the gains made under him to be safeguarded?

There is no ready answer. The Mayor himself says that "in the long run, nonpolitical government is here to stay," and unquestionably the new city charter, with proportional representation on the council which is to replace the piratical Board of Aldermen, is a step toward that end.

No radical in the doctrinaire sense, La Guardia has an intense and genuine preoccupation with the "little people" — with their needs and desires, their health and happiness. It manifests itself in a multitude of ways — in such remarks as his when a Tory mentioned "chiseling" on the relief rolls.

"Of course," snorted His Honor, "there is chiseling on relief, just as on income-tax returns. But no more on the one than on the other."

For some while now there has been no mention of his plan for a municipal power plant which was to furnish a "yardstick" for the rates of privately owned utilities. The initial threat brought about a $2,000,000 cut in New York's own light bill; a repetition of it might result in a reduction for the private householder.

Perhaps the most startling external change in the city since La Guardia took office, more striking than the new subways, the vanishing of the streetcar tracks, or the gigantic Tri-Borough Bridge, has been brought about by the creation of new parks and playgrounds and the rehabilitation of the old. Helped by federal funds, the city already has opened 253 new playgrounds, ten new swimming pools, three new zoos, and ten large parks. Like the city's relief program, to insure which the Mayor abandoned his opposition to a sales tax, the achievements of the Park Department under the dictatorial Robert Moses (another of those with whom the Mayor has rows and reconciliations) should be as productive of votes

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next November as Tammany's traditional dole of coal and Christmas baskets.

At the beginning of his administration the Mayor announced his intention of waging relentless war against "these breeders of crime, disease and death," the firetrap tenements. He has kept that promise, never misses an opportunity to point a moral when some horrid hovel burns or collapses with loss of life.

Using W.P.A. labor, approximately 1,000 condemned tenements have been demolished, and the Municipal Housing Authority, aided by federal funds, is constructing low-cost housing projects in various parts of the city.

When the first of these projects, called First Houses, was in the planning stage, an opponent of the program remarked cynically that it would be "a cold day" when such a structure was completed.

The Mayor, dedicating the finished buildings on Third Street, Manhattan, one cold, wintry afternoon, recalled the remark, grinned, rubbed his hands together. "Well," he said, "it is a cold day — and here we are!"

La Guardia may lack suavity, but he has a Latin's devotion to music and the arts. He appointed a municipal art commission, established a municipal art gallery, ranks "a municipal art center, including an opera house, a symphonic concert hall, and a city auditorium," along with transit unification on the schedule of unfinished business.

He is a great lover of music, an irregular attendant at the summer symphony concerts at City College stadium. Every year he gets season tickets to the Philharmonic symphony, goes when he can break away. Time was when he used to play the cornet himself, but he hasn't had much opportunity for that sort of thing since going to City Hall. A congressman has more leisure than a mayor.

Rusty Machine Opposition

La Guardia's record has been such that his opponents in the coming campaign are hard put to it to devise attacks. All that they have to offer, in reality, is a return to the old political-machine methods, and even the reactionaries who resent some of La Guardia's policies as "radical" do not want that. They have not forgotten the state of the city's credit when he took over.

This very lack of material will probably make for an unusually bitter campaign, featured by those appeals to racial, religious, and politico-economic prejudice which are always, unfortunately, factors in New York City elections. Already the Hearst press has pointed out that La Guardia, gaining the support of the American Labor Party, gains also the support of the Communists. The implication is obvious. Actually, of course, the Mayor is as far removed from the Communist viewpoint as he is from that of the Nazis.

The advent to the La Guardia line-up of Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey as a candidate for district attorney of New York County (Manhattan) should be of incalculable benefit to the Mayor's ticket. Few indeed have heard of Mr. Hal Hastings, the regular Democratic candidate, while Mr. Dewey's triumphant warfare against racketeers and mobsters is known to all.

No wonder there are jitters at The Hall. The loss of the district attorney's office, one of the organization's few remaining strongholds, would be serious indeed. Without patronage The Hall cannot live, and another four years of La Guardia might see its importance reduced to that enjoyed by such "marching societies" as the Mulligan Guards.

But La Guardia's most overwhelming advantage — it cannot be overemphasized — lies in the disorganization, the lack of any concrete program, of the forces opposing him. Already party lines in this beginning campaign can be represented graphically only by a sort of insane crisscross, the result of internecine conflicts.

Tammany vs. the New Deal

Around Senator Royal S. Copeland, running in both the Democratic and the Republican primaries, cluster all the groups fired by animosity toward progressive measures and toward a policy on labor which they deem radical. To these the good Senator makes his appeal in such gestures as the promise that, if elected, he will create "a free police force" — presumably a force to deal with picket lines and strike meetings in a fashion which La Guardia would not tolerate. Copeland's only other bid for election, as this is written, was the indirect appeal to the Jewish vote contained in his charge that Supreme Court Justice Black had once been endorsed by the Ku Klux Klan.

In a much better position to bid for the

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Jewish vote, one would imagine, is former Justice Jeremiah Titus Mahoney, Senator Copeland's New Deal (or Jim Farley) opponent for the Democratic nomination (it is one of the curiosities of the campaign that Mr. La Guardia also is staunchly New Deal so far as the federal government is concerned). Mr. Mahoney, you may remember, as President of the Amateur Athletic Union, fought bitterly with Avery Brundage and the American Olympic Committee against American participation in the Berlin Olympics. He also, although it would be hard to tell why, is billed as a labor candidate.

But Mr. Mahoney, while he isn't overlooking any of the customary tricks or dodges, nonetheless bases his candidacy solely on the issue of the New Deal, and if you think the New Deal is not an issue, especially, in New York's mayoralty campaign, why that would just seem to be your misfortune.

Another puzzle which adds to the panic behind the routine clamor of the clubhouses is the fact of Copeland's dual candidacy. Former Justice Mahoney has announced that he will support the winner in the Democratic primary, but not the cagey Senator. Tammany's district workers are worried, worried lest, should Copeland win the G.O.P. primaries on what is essentially an anti-Roosevelt program but lose in the Democratic primaries, he might make his race as a Republican.

In that event, they reason, La Guardia, running on the American Labor, Fusion, and Progressive tickets, would surely win, and where then would they look for jobs?

Amusing proof of the demoralizing effect of the split in the Democratic ranks was the recent embarrassing failure of Dr. Copeland's Brooklyn campaign manager to recall the events of four years ago when La Guardia — after almost everyone else, including Moses and Seabury, had turned it down — accepted the Republican-Fusion designation and made his successful race against Joseph V. McKee and John P. O'Brien.

This zealous Brooklyn manager issued a broadside, calling the Copeland candidacy a rebuke to those Democratic insurgents who had supported McKee against O'Brien, the regular machine candidate. What he forgot was that his chief, the city campaign manager for Copeland (a Mr. Benjamin F. Schreiber), had been one of McKee's most active supporters back in 1933.

Mayor La Guardia frequently reaffirms his disdain for political machines, and he may be expected to raise the issue of a nonpolitical administration constantly during his campaign. Wrote the Mayor:

> The selection of a non-political personnel to replace the district leaders and political designees of our predecessors has occasioned much surprise and brought the Administration a great deal of praise. I cannot see any reason why people should be surprised or credit should be given to any executive for selecting the best qualified persons for public office.
>
> Why should public office be used as patronage for the benefit of a particular political party, when taxpayers as a whole have to foot the bill? If, on the other hand, it is our duty to select men and women who are specially qualified for the particular work for which they are chosen, then I feel it is the only honest and decent thing to do, and we did it.

Invincible Little Flower

This time, at any rate, it looks as though the machines have broken down. Only consider that for Republicans it is a choice between La Guardia and Mr. Hearst's Dr. Copeland; for Democrats between that same Copeland and Judge Mahoney, with his organization program.

La Guardia, at any rate, will go into the fight confidently, with both fists flying, though there are signs which indicate that he is softening somewhat. None of the vigor gone, but perhaps a little of the bite.

Some months ago, before the annual exodus to Queens and the current "Summer City Hall" (a La Guardia innovation), the Mayor was engaged with a commissioner who had in some way offended. His Honor was rather laying it on, when a subordinate came in about some other matter and, given instructions, showed most plainly that he had not understood.

Ensued no sweeping, remorseless wave of denunciation such as some time ago would have engulfed the luckless fellow. Instead: "You," said the Mayor, pleasantly, "are so damned dumb that I can't see how I am going to avoid appointing you to be one of my commissioners."

The only one of his kind, La Guardia, and it's too bad. You can put your money on him this autumn, though, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if you have an opportunity to back him again some day — for higher office.

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Intelligent Husbands Wanted

by **EUDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON**

MEN HAVE WASTED a deal of breath, paper, and ink describing the ideal woman. So it happens that women, trying valiantly to become ideals, have neglected the important task of being themselves. As a matter of fact, men haven't really known what they wanted. So women have been put to much trouble to no good purpose.

Just when all the foolishness started I'm not exactly sure — though John Erskine probably could give the historical source with nonchalant facility. At any rate, Dante had a great deal to do with the pedestal tradition that was carefully nurtured by his imitators. Fortunately, however, Beatrice bestowed upon her admirer only a fleeting smile, married another man, and died before she had a chance to live down being an inspiration. I have no intention of mentioning the medieval courts of love and their devastating influence on men and women and marriage and other solid realities for I'm not particularly interested, at the moment, in the past. But I am zealously concerned, incurable reformer that I am, with the task involved in straightening out a relationship that has been horribly twisted all because men wouldn't leave creation to the Deity and attempted to make women into all sorts of strange images that momentarily satisfied their cravings.

FASHIONS IN WOMEN

IF MAN HAD KNOWN what he wanted, he wouldn't have changed the fashions in women every score of years. Parenthetically, if women had possessed more wisdom and less desire to please, they would never have allowed themselves to be poured into molds and stood on pedestals that were both unbecoming and uncomfortable. Born at the end of Victoria's reign, I have seen girls trying to be at least three kinds of people for the sake of man's passing whim.

In my childhood the blushing, fainting, hysterical lady who squealed when she saw a mouse and depended on a courtly gentleman to carry her reticule and fan was adored by the swains. Through sweet inanity and simpering dependency the lady hoped to be an inspiration.

Then came the Good Fellow, who played tennis and basketball but who eschewed alcohol and tobacco in order that she might guide her pals towards paths of rectitude. Both these creatures, supposed to be passionless as eunuchs, sometimes simulated and sometimes actually achieved the ideal.

The War and its mad aftermath, competently aided by the Eighteenth Amendment, reduced Victorianism to a messy wreck. The lid was off; the pot boiled over; literature went wild, and so did girls. Nobody was really happy. Men, however, were more distressed than were women, for their finest handiwork lay shattered at their feet — a product they had spent centuries creating, a thing different from themselves to which they could show whatever better side they might have. Most men aren't poets, of course, and so they were merely feeling and not actually putting into words what Browning meant when he said,

> *God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures*
> *Boasts two soul sides, one to face the world with,*
> *One to show a woman when he loves her.*

Naturally enough, the reaction came. Now discontented man has set about to rebuild his ideal and again to surround her by the unreality that can satisfy neither him nor her. The only similarity among all these ideals men have attempted to shape is that they must appear brainless. Through the ages, therefore, girls have tried to controvert laws of heredity and to persuade men that foolishness descends from mother to daughter and sagacity from father to son. So brilliant women have passed on to men ideas, unlabeled and unclaimed. Con-

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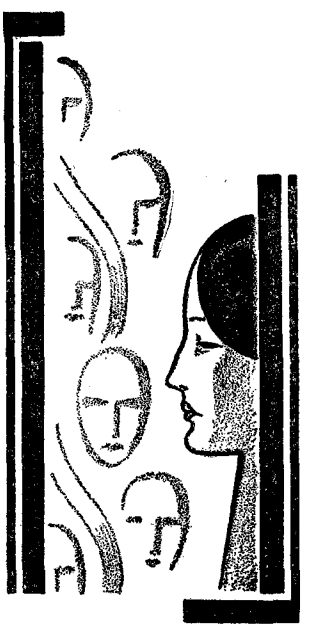
sequently, it does seem important, before an ethereal pattern again makes a botch of perfectly good human stuff, to let men know what we really are and what we want them to be.

With a sort of hopeless philosophy women have accepted men as God made them. Whatever reforms wives have attempted seem to bear on minor matters of human conduct or preparation for heaven and have not dealt with the basic relationship of man and woman. It would be vastly profitable to gather together a group of immortal women beside a pleasant stream that flows among pale asphodel and poppies in a heaven of the spirit — not Elysium where Greek meets Greek, not Mount Zion fixed beyond the Jewish firmament, not the Buddhist nirvana, not Valhalla peopled by fair Norsemen but a celestial abode where pagans, Christians, Mohammedans, and forthright agnostics contemplate Ideas and Essences — and hear intellectual women admit the infinite longings that finite hearts have never been able to satisfy.



Edifying words might be spoken by burning Sappho; by Deborah, wife of Lapidoth, who for 40 peaceful years judged Israel from beneath her palm tree; by Diotima, who taught Socrates the sublimated meaning of love; by Aspasia, who is perhaps the only woman ever to have heard a man admit that she wrote his odes and speeches; by Cornelia, who found compensation in her Gracchi sons; by poor Khadija, who managed to make Mohammed think he was God's prophet; by Joan of Arc, who sacrificed her life to save a man's kingdom; and by Elizabeth of England and Catherine of Russia, who, in different ways, succeeded in climbing to greatness on the shoulders of stupid men.

Lacking Mr. Erskine's magic, however, I have had to use whatever human material was easily available. You've no idea how hard it is to get women, whether spinsters or matrons, to discuss men in an abstract, analytical way. It doesn't seem quite decent to them, you know, even in these modern times, to put a specimen of opposite sex on the dissecting table. Yet, because I go about as a sort of specialist in women's problems and pass quickly by into the enveloping mist, women pour out to me their personal troubles in so unrestrained a way as to leave me emotionally unfit for the next day's tasks.

The Ideal Husband

I HAVE ASKED groups of women whose ages range from 18 to 80 to tell me the qualities with which in their opinion the ideal husband should be endowed and I have answers that enable me to draw conclusions that seem reasonably sound. Admittedly, I haven't wasted time on foolish women — of whom there are many, of course, but whose ideas can't be worth recording.

My basis of selection seems fair enough, since among men only the intellectuals are sufficiently articulate to set down in written words ideals to which women must attempt to conform. John Erskine, for instance, in a book that tries to cure an influence that scarcely exists at all, devotes many pages of type to "the matrimonial difficulties of the intellectual and his wife." On the other hand, so far as I know, little or nothing has been written about the intellectual and her husband. So undoubtedly the time has come to say many things left unsaid, perhaps because women know the futility of words, perhaps because we have loved men too well and too unwisely to complain concerning their connubial shortcomings.

I am about to pass on, moreover, no mere opinions of my own on the subject of husbands, for, not claiming to be an intellectual and having been married to only one man and not wanting to endanger my future happiness, I have neither the experience essential to form conclusions based upon personal a priori reasoning nor the sacrificial spirit that giving them would require.

Looking over my notes, I am shocked into realization that not one woman to whom I talked made the faintest reference to the personal appearance of the man she would like to have for her husband. So it would seem that motion-picture stars are not impressing brainy women. Lest the blow fall too heavily on the advertisers of collars and other masculine ap-

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parel, I must hasten to suggest that the omission was merely an oversight on the part of women starved for intellectual companionship, who took the existence of physical charms more or less for granted. Surely, no woman actually wants a man to cultivate a bald head and a pouchy front, to take no heed to the color scheme of his ties and socks and to the creases in his trousers. These matters, however, aren't of major importance.

Nor does wealth figure in the intellectual's quest for a man. On the other hand, it is rather more feared than desired. Perhaps most of the women who finally opened their souls to me hadn't read Barrie's *Twelve Pound Look*, but they all shared Kate Sims's feeling about being the kept wife of a man who could buy his way to a fame in which she had no part. Perhaps the Cinderella story is outmoded at last. Perhaps women with any brains at all realize that stupid girls who sit in the ashes can't get princes with whom they could live happily for any length of time — much less ever after.

The younger intellectuals talked exclusively of other matters. It was only the middle-aged women who mentioned material security as an essential to happiness in marriage. Looking toward the day when their own earning capacities would be either decreased or wiped out, they were being practical. I am thinking now of one group that sat with me at a long bare table in an inn. All were unmarried except one woman who was divorced. All were successful in business or professions, and only two were young.

"You didn't mean," I asked, "that you want security in marriage because you would like to give up your work?"

The answers reflected an amazing unanimity of opinion. The women loved their work. They had no desire to give it up. Yet in their fields there was sweeping discrimination against married women. Because the economic system, as it is now run, excludes many married women from providing their own security through continuing businesses and professions for which they are trained, they felt that sensible women must add to romance the security which for human beings, like it or not, is essential to happiness. The woman beside me held an important position in an insurance company. Across the table sat a librarian, a school principal, a railroad executive, a petty officer in a bank. And only the women who worked for themselves had any chance of going on with their professions if they accepted benefit of clergy. So, after all, a lover is only a lover, but a hard-working husband is a meal ticket.

Money and Marriage

So, here we are — face to face with a consideration that ought not to be injected into marriage and that has brought unhappiness to both men and women. I know that successful marriages are dependent on both parties' being interested in work that fills the hours intervening between emotional heights that should dot the monotony of life with fiery exclamation points. I have friends who have contrived to get their daughters married to rich men's sons. I want my girl to marry the boy she loves, whether or not he has a cent. I want her to work with him, as our grandmothers worked. Because of the faith that is in me, I am willing to help her through whatever trying years there may be.

Until the machine and mass production, instigated by the profit motive, robbed woman of the creative toil that had been hers perennially, our foremothers worked themselves into pleasant mental and physical fatigue and came to their husbands in such equality as alone makes companionship and enduring love. The woman of brains doesn't want to be converted into an inferior being because someone supports her and therefore can command her comings and goings and even attempt through artificial absurdities to control her thinking. Yet she knows that sometimes when the wolf knocks at the door, love flies out of the window. So, romanticist at heart, she has become destructively practical. Persons capable of great love — and these are the important people of the world — should not be entangled by purse strings.

With some hesitation I am about to make a personal allusion just for the sake of clarifying what I am trying to say. The depression let loose in the direction of my family all the arrows in its terrible quiver. Only because I had not given up the small professional status that was mine, our little family managed to survive the experience that wiped out many of my friends. I look back now on that period between 1930 and 1934 as the happiest time in my life, for I — essentially an egotist as are most people — knew that I was serving those

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I loved and that I was therefore useful and important, much as my grandmother had been in another day.

The intellectual woman wants in a husband much the same qualities that an intellectual man yearns to find in a wife. After all, the human attributes that go into the making of a man aren't vastly different from those that a woman inherits from a long line of forefathers. The intellectual woman, I am told, knows how to love with all the abandon of a Burns or a Byron; but, in addition, she wants, as men have always wanted, intellectual understanding of the ambitions that motivate her everyday life.

That, at least, is what she has told me wherever I have found her, however old or however young she may be. Naturally, she has talked a bit about the personality of this hypothetical husband. He must not be much older than she or much younger, for she has seen the tragedies brought about because of disparity in ages. She has wanted him to like people, to be the sort of person with whom she can share sports and other recreations, but she hasn't mentioned his height or size, the worldly goods with which he can endow her, the color of his eyes, or the shape of his nose. Always, when talking to me, she has reverted to one theme — a man must be fair to women; he must believe in a square deal for his wife; he must be as interested in her career as she is in his. In other words, the intellectual woman is in revolt against the egotist who insists on being the beginning, middle, and end of some woman's existence and takes no thought of the contribution he should make thereto.

Frequently, married women have expressed longing for husbands who are articulate. Seemingly, good deeds and kindliness aren't enough. Incurable romanticist that she is, the modern intellectual demands that love find expression in words and that she hear now and then that her husband loves her with the "breath, smiles, tears" of all his life and if God choose "shall but love her better after death."

Brains vs. Spouse

Not long ago a man — a painter, to be exact — told me that he had left his wife because she first did not like his work and then refused to see it. He had obtained no divorce. Of course there were no legal grounds. Yet to my way of thinking here were grounds more solid than those based upon adultery or physical cruelty. Similarly, a woman who writes poured out to me a brokenhearted story that had to do with her husband's failure to read her latest book. It seems that the man had helped her enormously, had fetched and carried reference works to and from the library, had attended to sending her manuscript by express, had even acted as secretary par excellence during her absence from home. But he had not read her book! He could experience neither her pleasure nor her pain when the critics praised or attacked it. In loneliness of spirit, she was desolate beyond consolation. Though she could not doubt that her husband loved her, the quality of the love was not high enough. What she wanted to share he had refused to accept.

So, for the intellectual woman, physical love is not enough, though it must exist. The woman who thinks deeply can also feel deeply. Byron knew perhaps more about a woman's and a man's love than I do or than do the women who have confided in me, for poets may have a sixth sense that is not bestowed on ordinary mortals. Yet I wonder sometimes if the best of poets do not speak now and then as mere men and if love is really a woman's whole existence or just the major part of her life, merged with all else she does and motivating her highest endeavors.

Byron probably meant that women are more dependent on love and appreciation than are men. Through the centuries our work has been done for the people we love. We started agriculture, that our families might be better nourished. We invented the household arts, to give comforts to our husbands and children. The individual has been always our chief concern. All we received in return was the satisfaction derived from our work well done, from the realization that we had brought comfort and happiness, from gratitude expressed, albeit tacitly. We haven't outgrown our inherent and cultivated individualism and still we must labor, not for the masses but for someone we love and who loves us.

It was a modern cynic who spoke of sex as something that a man must get out of his system so that he may be about the important business of life. I don't believe he was right. I think I know that the highest type of man lets love become a part of him, of his ambitions, of

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whatever creative work he is capable of performing, just as the highest type of woman lets love teach her "the whole of life in a new rhythm."

Body and Soul

Yet intellectual women have seldom had the complete understanding that is essential to success in creative endeavor — and I am not talking about the silly, misunderstood wife but about something much deeper and infrequently mentioned. Of course, I know the notable exceptions. Lewes recognized the genius of George Eliot and developed it. Robert Browning loved both the body and the soul of the poet he married. There are others whom I need not waste time mentioning. But I am talking not about geniuses but about women above the average, who have intellect and ability but are not set apart from other people by transcendent talents. Such women, married to men who take for granted separate careers and ambitions but who cherish a community of interests amassed through sharing hopes and realizations, achieve happy marriages.

Not long ago in New York I was a guest at a dinner attended by couples who used their own names and had their own work. Miss Smith, for instance, was Mr. Brown's wife. Everybody knew Mr. Brown and Miss Smith for what they had done in their own right. These men and women respected each other for achievements. No woman was a relative being, dependent for her identity on some man's accomplishments. Nor was any man holding to the apron strings of a woman's prestige. That was marriage — and, more important, that was romance "to the level of each day's most quiet needs."

Always I have worked with women — not with the foolish, trivial sort but with real women who want to be competent human beings. I know them, why many who ought to be mothers of sturdy sons and daughters have never married, why others have been unhappy in marriage. They are asking for something that men have not given, that men do not even know women want. Men have honestly believed that women are willing to dethrone their intellectual accomplishments when they marry and to make men their sole life work. Guided by concepts handed down from father to son, the average husband does not satisfy an intellectual wife. I know, because women have told me so — women in every state in our Union, women who talk to the itinerant speaker as they would never confide in friends and neighbors. They don't want to be Dante's Beatrice, who smiled in passing, married, died, and then was immortalized in poetry. They don't want to be some seventeenth-century lyrist's Lucasta, Althea, Corinna, or Electra. They would like, however, to be wives of men who accord to women the right to lead interesting, independent lives and to share those lives with companions who care about achievements that are not masculine in gender.

Of course, there are men who have caught the basic idea. Ibsen did when he allowed Norah to grow up and slam the door behind a relationship that had become intolerable. Children born of a physical union shouldn't be enough to hold together men and women who have no spiritual and mental interests. Our silly man-and-woman-made code has placed devastating emphasis on carnal things, to the destruction of all else. I have known intellectual women to forgive husbands for the sort of physical infidelity that comes because men are momentarily swept off their feet but I have never known an intellectual woman really to recover from the knowledge that a husband is mentally unfaithful and fails to evaluate fairly the work she is trying to do. Perhaps it is true that Byron through all his amorously adventurous life never made an improper proposal to a woman and that other brilliant men are similarly pursued. I believe, however, that the motive Mr. Erskine ascribes to the part woman plays in the chase is not founded on fact and that the intellectual man is attractive to women not because he is the leader of the herd but because women think him capable of loving something more important than the softness of their bodies.

Intellectual women also are pursued by men who in their youth have married the other sort — pursued because physical love is never permanently satisfying to either the man or the woman of brains. If false standards and false ideals could be wiped out, there could be sensible unions — combining mind, soul, and body — that could complete human beings already born and bring forth a better future generation. I am old-fashioned enough — if that is the adjective my attitude deserves — to believe in marriage and the sanctity of the

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home. Yet I think that many marriages that lack spiritual and mental bases are legalized fornication, without either sanctity or reason for continuance. They are, moreover, as destructive to men as they are to women. I could write, and maybe I will some day, a paean of praise honoring real men who are fair to women and to men as well, who, whether they know it or not, are working to create a social order that gives dignity to both women and men.

Much has been said about the dangerous age that comes to people — in the forties perhaps. I have seen real men and women pass through it and I know that the groping is spiritual, not physical. Intellectuals often are reaching out for companionship that has its basis in common interests, mutual understanding. Sometimes they are justified in defying conventions and in taking what they need and what they have been denied because earlier in life their thinking was twisted by false standards not of their own making. Love, when it comes to intellectual men and women past 40, may not be wholly of the mind, but sex is not its basis. Many men and women can no longer carry their heavy responsibilities without the help and support of the women and men they love. The conformist to laws and traditions attaches one significance to the utterance of a king who can not continue his work alone. The person whose thinking has liberated him attaches another that is more nearly accurate.

Marry Your Intellectual Equal

At any rate, after talking to intellectual women, I have reached these conclusions concerning marriage:

Neither brilliant men nor brilliant women can be happy married to their inferiors, and they can't be happy married to equals unless both husband and wife recognize and respect equality of opportunity and status. All the artificial differentiations between the sexes have tended to destroy a relationship capable of being permanently satisfying. A man can't love an ideal, but he can love a flesh-and-blood woman whose faults and virtues he knows. The intellectual woman who does not share her achievements with a man who loves her and whom she loves is perhaps the loneliest creature on earth. The one who does comes very close to happiness. Whatever a woman may do in the workaday world, she wants to come at eventide to a shelter where there is love and faith and a man who stands by her, whether she is right or wrong.

I have been drawn recently into several futile arguments that concern men and women and now I have been guilty of writing many pages on a subject that really ought not to be discussed at all. Men wrote the first words, however, and a woman merely tried to have the last. Despite our reputation with respect to controversy, women have been almost always silent when men have mentioned their shortcomings. Women haven't even bothered to answer the satirists. Why should we, as a matter of fact? Whatever antagonism exists between the sexes is only skin-deep. So long as men and women are the fathers and mothers of boys and girls, their interests can't be separated. Though I am no believer in the perfectibility of the race, I think the species would show a distinct improvement if more intellectual women were provided with husbands who recognized the existence of feminine brains and feminine ambitions and if the celibates among creative women were decreased. So to the argument I have added more words, futile perhaps but nonetheless earnest.

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Ousting Judge Lynch

by **BEN COTHRAN**

LYNCHING IS the South's peculiar institution, grown up to replace that of slavery existing in ante-bellum days. Just as the war between the States and enforced emancipation of negroes pushed them into economic slavery, so are misguided friends of the black man driving lynching from the gathering place of the mob into the courtroom by trying to legalize it with an antilynching bill.

No law that will work can be drawn up against lynching today, and in view of this fact it isn't of immediate importance that one be passed merely as a protest because a handful of negroes meet death each year from an upboiling of hatred that can never be cured by an ill-chosen prescription inscribed in a statute book.

Vastly more important is it to stop the human decay that has cankered the South for a century — to humanize a civilization that permits present conditions among share croppers, textile workers, and yeoman farmers, enforcing a system that exploits not only negroes but a majority of the white population, keeping one set against the other in an atmosphere of violent, prejudiced hatred. Human beings must be enabled to feel a certain security in the necessities of life, given a chance to live instead of being bred up as social hookworms.

Do that, and the need for an antilynching law will cease to exist.

Early each year the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People announces to the United States that in the period just ended the mighty men of the Southern Lynching League have knocked 15, perhaps 20, or, in banner years, 25 home runs. This causes cautious but loud deploring throughout the land: newspapers froth in editorial generalities at this terrible thing; Southern women band together and announce that lynching is no longer necessary to protect them from the fate worse than death; and Congress considers an antilynching bill wherein is naïvely expressed belief that rural grand juries will risk life and pocketbook to indict county officials who failed to stop the community from engaging in its most exciting sport.

While these mistaken lawyers argue such an impossible law, intellectual lightweights squeal that something must be done to help the defenseless negro without giving him any advantages, and the negro dumbly cheers them on with, "Yeah, brother, make us all white jes' lak you." Out on the fringe of this aimless whirlpool stands a group of wretched individuals, poor-white grist of a mill that has ground for relentless generations, misfits in every conceivable way, nurtured on and following false ideals, multiplying like rabbits — the negro's "superiors" and a country's menace. For a hundred years they have been taught to hate the negro and to do as savagery wills, that they are supreme. Now, overnight, they are going to stop lynching negroes because this is against a law they don't approve. It is almost as though some people believe that lynching, this very moment and without such a law, is *legal!*

ABOLITIONISTS AND APOLOGISTS

THE QUESTION of the negro as a human being deserving the rights of a white man was agitated with the first open organization of the abolitionists in the 1830's. Slavery had been opposed ever since it began here, around 1630, in New England; but there was never an effective opposition to it, although in 1727 (according to *Pro-Slavery Thought in the Old South*, by William Sumner Jenkins) the Bishop of London

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had to send a pastoral letter to the colonies assuring them that baptism of slaves did not destroy the master's property in them. Slave-owners were afraid to baptize their negroes, reasoning that a Christian could not be a slave. The Bishop said baptism gave freedom from sin and Satan but that a man's prior outward condition was unchanged by the act.

Thomas Jefferson later expressed belief that the negro lacked ability to become as civilized as the white man, but he opposed slavery, foreseeing its role as a troublemaker.

When Garrison rallied the abolitionists, the South realized that she must find a defense for slavery and turned to ethnology for proof that her "peculiar institution" was ordered by nature and accordingly was moral in the eyes of God. This activity went on for nearly 30 years before the war, and the best summation of the viewpoint is found in a speech by Alexander H. Stephens on the constitution of the Confederacy:

> Jefferson, in his forecast, had anticipated this [slavery] as the rock upon which the old union would split. He was right. But whether he fully comprehended the great truth may be doubted. The prevailing ideas entertained by him and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the Constitution were that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically. It was an evil they knew not well how to deal with, but the general opinion of the men of that day was that, somehow or other, the institution would be evanescent and pass away. . . . They rested upon the assumption of the equality of races. This was an error. . . . Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea; its foundations are laid, its cornerstone rests upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man, that slavery — subordination to the superior race — is his normal and natural condition. . . . Many governments have been founded upon the principle of enslavement of classes, but the classes thus enslaved were of the same race and in violation of the laws of nature. . . . The negro by nature or by the curse of Canaan is fitted for that condition which he occupies in our system. . . . The substratum of our society is made of the material fitted by nature for it, and by experience we know that it is best not only for the superior race but for the inferior that it should be so. It is indeed in conformity with the ordinance of the Creator. . . . For His own purpose He had made one race to differ from another.

Thus the leaders of the day set the thought for the South. Out of all the millions in the land, only a few thousand owned large numbers of slaves, and there were 5,000,000 whites who didn't own any. But many of them found employment as overseers, slave drivers, patrollers, and in similar positions, which gave them, in addition to bread and meat, a feeling that they were clambering up to a footing with the aristocracy; so they approved of the system. Other poor whites, with no voice in affairs, didn't count.

The war came, and was fought by the slave-owners, their henchmen, and the 5,000,000 poor whites who had no business in it but fought because they were defending States' rights, the South's "peculiar institution," and their native land. In the midst of the war Lincoln set the negroes free.

Reconstruction

When Southerners got back from the battlefields to their ruined lands and homes, Lincoln had been assassinated, and the weak, incompetent Johnson was in the White House to carry out Lincoln's plans. These if executed, would have helped the defeated States immeasurably in their recovery. Instead of viewing the South's secession as a rebellion of the States, Lincoln held that certain subversive groups within each State had brought it about and that, if ten per cent of the qualified voters of 1860 swore federal loyalty, then any State could be readmitted to the Union. This matter of readmittance seemed to him an executive one.

Congress, under the whip of Charles Sumner in the Senate and Thaddeus Stevens in the House, viewed the problem as one requiring legislation to force the majority or all of the voters in a rebellious State to swear loyalty. Sumner and Stevens were spearheads of the Republican Party, which had led the abolitionists before the war and, victorious now, remembered the 30 years' supremacy of the Southern Democrats prior to 1860. The Republicans righteously felt they had saved the Union and were determined to subdue the Democrats forever.

So, where Lincoln probably would have let the Confederate States back into the Union immediately and then persuaded them to take proper legislative action, through representatives of their own choosing, in regard to the emancipated negro, the Republicans took over the job themselves and passed three constitutional amendments: the thirteenth, which freed slaves; the fourteenth, with its famous due-process clause, giving negroes the vote and forbidding any "rebel" to hold State or national

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office; the fifteenth, guaranteeing civil rights to negroes. The South was divided into five military districts, and troops were sent, after the Confederates refused to ratify the first two amendments, to keep them in line until they should see the light. This military government continued until 1870, when Georgia, the last recalcitrant, was readmitted to the Union.

Before the war the white South — rich, poor or intermediate — had accepted the negro for what it regarded him as being, an inferior. What the 5,000,000 poor whites, destitute then as now, really thought of him no one knows, because the negro was valuable property, restricted to the plantations, guarded from molestation.

Now all that was changed. As if it had been fitted to a pattern, every step of the radical Republicans drove the South to change her attitude toward the negro from one of acceptance to one of hatred.

The country was ruined. Railroads couldn't operate because of bankruptcy and dilapidated rolling stock. A man with a full set of crockery felt important enough to want to be governor. Only the carpetbaggers and the negroes, getting support from the Freedmen's Bureau, had something to depend on. Southerners, when they could vote at all, did so under military guard and at the same time saw negroes voted repeatedly and elected to legislative and executive State offices. There they promptly ballooned the public debt — in a land where there was no money.

The negro became a symbol of all that the South hated. As Southerners began to wrest back control of their government, abuse of the negro increased in proportion. Where the poor white, ignored and scorned by the planter aristocracy before the war, had been unable, even if he had desired, to vent any ill feeling toward the blacks, he was now called on to help form the Solid South; he could ride with the Ku Klux Klan and in the secrecy of its robes perform murderous acts. Hatred filled his soul, and there was nothing to curb it. He didn't even have a full belly.

Carpetbag rule was over around 1875, and they said the South was reconstructed. Her destruction had just begun.

The New Slavery

The war ended the paternalism of the planter class. Before, it had clung to its primitive system of labor and to its skill at politics and easy living, sneering at the grasping Northern mechanics, their progressive enrichment. But the war taught what was left of these planters that perhaps they needed something to complement the agrarian way. Northerners, who had scrambled down for the land grab after Appomatox, who moved cotton mills from New England to a land where labor was cheap and opened up the coal and iron fields of the hill country, made them think.

Emancipation did nothing for the negroes except to tell them they were free. The Freedmen's Bureau promised them 40 acres and a mule but failed to produce. A large group of planters had land but no money to pay labor; whites and blacks had hungry children but no land and no money.

Share cropping began; mill villages and coal camps came into existence. The South had a new slave system, even better than the old, because now you didn't have to raise your slaves from childhood or support them in old age: all you had to do was use them in their laboring prime and then throw them aside. They didn't need anything to eat but fat back, corn bread, and molasses; why give them any more? Let them be sick and die; they breed like rabbits. There was money to be made.

Thus the new South was born, and so she continues today. Share croppers, some of them, never see more than $5 cash from year to year; labor organizers are run out of town in the South while the city council votes to build a factory and suspend taxes for five years for any industry that will settle down and use the docile labor that works for coolie wages.

This new South has grown up three quarters poor white — weak, ignorant, and savage. The millions who held no slaves before the war

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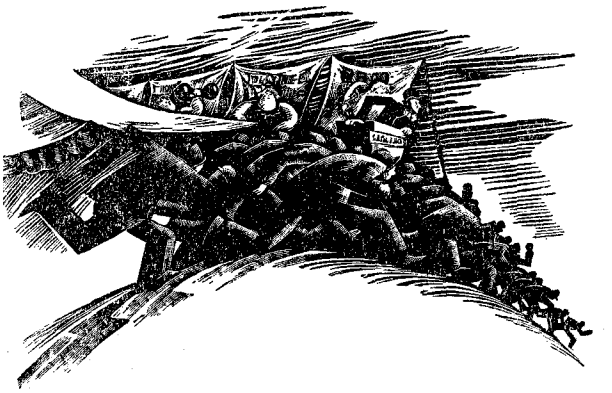
multiplied in the reconstruction and remained in the South. The planter class has disappeared from the land; the sturdier stock in the days after the war went to the West. The poor-white class has never had any culture; there has never been any effort to give it a decent living, physically or morally, or to teach it social responsibility. The poor whites are the children and grandchildren of people taught by the law and philosophy of a lost cause to regard the negro as an inferior person, who saw honored in their land an organization under whose robes they could hide while they had vengeance on the black man they hated.

But not all these people are share croppers, textile workers, or shiftless loafers, because being poor white is a mental as well as physical state. You find the poor-white mind throughout the minor officialdom and small business enterprise of the South, hating the negro and knowing just as little about getting along with him as those who do the lynching. The sheriff and his deputies who let a mob have its victim make no effort to defend him because they don't want to. Why should they, when they probably have kinsmen in the crowd and feel, besides, that lynching is not only good sport but a white man's right and a most efficient method of teaching the negro that he exists only because the white man so wills?

An illiterate white is nothing uncommon on the Southern scene. It's a distinction if a poor white's father could read and write and miraculous if anyone he knows has finished high school. Northern capital furnished numerous schools for negroes after the war but none for the whites, and the South had no money for them. Except at the top, among the bankers, planters, and industrialists, there has never been a real prosperity since Lee surrendered; and, of what there has been, precious little has been wasted for educating shiftless white men, called lazy because they are starving, mentally and morally as well as physically. Why waste education on them when there is money to be made out of them on the farm and in the mills and mines? Why pay them fair wages when they can be kept in line by shouting about the glory of white superiority, by advocating lynching as a defense of Southern womanhood? If the cracker wants more pay, tell him he can't be paid any more because the negro is standing there ready to work for less.



This is the modern slavery of the South, and as a reward for good behavior the poor white is allowed to lynch the negro under the impression that it is a necessary thing and no more than he deserves. And the North thinks there is no penalty for this and attempts to impose one by sending men to jail. There is a penalty. It is a long time coming, but this human parasite we have produced in the past hundred years is strangling our social and economic progress as surely as weeds cover an uncultivated field.

Lynching Mobs

Nearly all lynchings today occur in the South, and, although, in the days of the old Ku Klux Klan, carpetbaggers and negroes were almost equally the victims, today the mob's quarry is always a negro. From a peak of 255 killings in 1892, the number has dwindled until nowadays anything over 20 is an unusual bag for a year's hunting.

Rape has never been a major excuse for lynching a negro. A negro knows full well that white women are not for him; he is even chary of prostitutes who are willing to sell themselves to black men for as little as 25 cents; many times a white woman has asserted she was raped in order to cover up an affair with a white man. When a negro does attack a white woman, it is safe to say that he is insane.

One lynching in South Georgia was caused when a negro Republican county chairman blocked a white man's appointment as postmaster; others have arisen from murder, robbery, assault. The old saw that negroes must be lynched to protect Southern women has dull teeth.

A lynching is always a Roman holiday for the community in which it occurs. Usually this is a rural spot where whites are poorest and

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negroes few, days dull and monotonously unrelieved by excitement. Rumor spreads that a negro has stepped out of bounds and the boys better get their guns and come along for the fun. They come in droves, just as if it were a revival meeting or a dog fight. Often women and children accompany the men to the scene and see the victim — likely as not entirely innocent of the accusation — burned, shot to death, or hanged, after being tortured. (A congressional committee's report reveals that a negro lynched near Marianna, Florida, in 1934 had his genitals amputated before being killed.) The entire community is on hand to renew its white superiority, and most of the time law enforcement officials — of the mob's fiber — look the other way, although now and then some will try to outwit the mob and will occasionally succeed. It is not an uncommon happening for the negro to be handed over to the authorities only on the solemn promise that he will be quickly tried and executed.

"There Ought to Be a Law"

No one has ever estimated the number of antilynching bills that have been introduced in Congress, although there were 59 at the 1937 session, with the Gavagan measure finally settled on for action. Such legislation has bobbed up at practically every session for more than twenty years. Always Northern congressmen, pressed on by large negro populations in their constituencies, have introduced them, and always the Southern Democrats have solidly blocked the way. Representing the poor-white mind, they get up and talk about unconstitutionality and the negro as a ravager of Southern womanhood (white). Lately they have taken to jeering at the North for not including gangster killings in the indictment. But the bills are always sidetracked, just as Gavagan's — passed by the House — was pushed aside in the Senate. These Southern congressmen are the same ones who harangue their constituents back home about the supremacy of the white race over the black. No poor white has yet been recorded as inquiring why this supremacy is merely political and doesn't extend to his economic lot in life. Perhaps it is because he has been too busy expressing his superiority at savagery by lynching a legally helpless opponent.

The latest (Gavagan) antilynching bill provided: Three or more persons banded together to take a life or harm a person without authority of law constitute a mob. An officer of the law failing to make diligent effort to protect a prisoner from a mob becomes subject to a $5,000 fine, 5 years' imprisonment, or both. The family of a lynched person may institute civil action to recover from $2,000 to $10,000 in damages from the county in which the lynching occurred (if lynchee is seized in one county, executed in another, the two are jointly liable). If, in 30 days, there has been refusal, failure, or neglect to indict members of the mob or if jurors can be proved so strongly opposed to punishing anyone for lynching a negro that a not-guilty verdict is extremely probable, the federal district court may take over the job.

Opponents of the bill have marshaled many arguments against its constitutionality. Some Southern congressmen have argued that since 1882 lynchings have come down from 1 in every 300,000 of population to 1 in every 16,000,000. It has also been said that, of the 4,200 white and black people put to death by mobs since 1882, only 49 per cent were in the custody of officers of the law upon being jerked to Jesus.

Those who favor the bill have, naturally, the main argument that lynching is pure savagery, that a country condoning it cannot possibly call itself civilized. They are perfectly right. Their mistake lies in the manner by which they propose to halt this awful thing.

Patently the bill can't be made to work. Where, in a community that for a century has

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lynched persons unmolested, will people be found who will say, either privately or as jurymen, that a peace officer did not make diligent effort to protect his prisoner? Should the law be passed, county prosecuting attorneys would naturally seek indictments before the grand juries, but their hearts wouldn't be in their work; and, should a grand jury be extremely blue ribbon and, to a man, opposed to lynching, one can hardly imagine its members' risking bodily harm or business boycott from the members of a mob by voting to indict them. Most naïve passage in the bill is that which says members of the lynched individual's family may sue the county for damages. No negro would be so foolish. If the bill became law, there would be an investigation after every lynching, and, if the pressure were strong, someone would be indicted by the grand jury. But the petit jury would free him. The federal court, where there might be some chance of a conviction, would never have an opportunity to take action. After all, if communities and their officers wish to punish lynchers, they can do it to the limit under the existing criminal codes.

The End of Lynching?

What can be done, then, to halt this savagery?

Immediately, nothing can be done; for the next 50 years negroes can look forward to being lynched. The national labor-relations act will, eventually, bring unionization of labor to the South, meaning higher wages and better living. Development of the cotton picker in all likelihood will result in unionizing of tenant farmers and share croppers, where already white and black men are learning to work together toward a common goal. It is a subject for constant prayer that some day the South will quit planting cotton up to her front doorstep, and devote some land to subsistence crops and raising livestock, thus naturally curtailing production and huge annual carryovers of cotton and providing better food for poor whites. If our Bourbons can ever be brought to this pass it is conceivable then that they will be willing to provide education along with a better living standard, teaching the poor white the meaning of social duty, liberalizing him to the extent that he may realize he is economically equal to the negro without being moved to lynching.

Finally the day possibly will come when the black man is given the vote the Constitution says he is entitled to and he will be allowed to sit on a jury to try one of his own color.

The first step in bringing these things about is not to pass an antilynching bill. To want to stamp out lynching is a desirable motive, but this approach to the problem is not only stupid but will in the end prove more savage than present conditions in the South.

Lynching can be ended in a practical and efficient manner by realizing these things. There are and always will be, as far as we today are concerned, two races in the South, and the white race is going to be the ruler. For the past hundred years the majority of these whites has been bred up to savage treatment and hatred of the negro. No law in Congress is going to stop this overnight. Not until they have filling food in their bellies and moral and social facts in minds trained to appreciate those facts can they be diverted from their present misdirected path.

The negro has a definite path to tread through this slough of despond. He has too long beat upon his breast and wailed to God and the Yankees about his condition. He has failed to realize that he was never emancipated in an economic and social sense, that he is still a slave with no Ole Marse to protect him as valuable property, that he is hated as a block to economic progress, and that no one is going to be punished for killing him. This, of course, is not right, but it is a fact, and accordingly it behooves the colored brethren to try to develop themselves as a race instead of grading their society by placing at the top those with the straightest hair and lightest skin. They must steel themselves to continued mistreatment and abrogation of social rights and pray every night to God that some day the country will cease to get panicky over the fact that a handful of black men are lynched every year and devote its energy to curing the great Southern disease of social hookworm, of which lynching is only one of the symptoms.

In an early issue:
"Is America a Democracy?" by Walter A. Terpenning

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Primer for Landlords and Tenants

by **JANET MABIE**

In January a National Tenants' Council was incorporated in Washington "to represent the inarticulate tenant in the changing rental situation, due to the return of prosperity, and the supposed greater ability on the part of tenants to pay." Arrangements were made to establish branches in several key cities, and it had every look of a signal to the *caveat emptor* boys that things were going to be different henceforth.

Whether it was directly connected with the formation of the Council or not, there began to be abundant evidence that the term *inarticulate* was becoming less applicable by leaps and bounds to tenants in a wide range of rental classes, and a close observer could fairly see tenants as a class congealing into a militant defensive body. As an instance, the moment a pay rise was agreed on in one of the steel districts, a group of workers' wives advanced on their landlords and stated firmly that it would be no use whatever to contemplate tacking the wage rise onto rentals, as neither the living quarters provided nor general conditions justified it; therefore any such attempt would be met with one simple answer — a rent strike.

In all sections of the country there have been sporadic outbursts by tenants against landlords who were suspected of exaggerating to themselves the degree of recovery and who took the position that they could translate it into sharply increased rents. Reprisals have taken the form of *or else!* objections to service and landlord moves to discharge personnel satisfactory to and popular with tenants. A landlord in New York who decided to discharge a superintendent of thirteen years' standing, found himself confronted with a full-blown, exceedingly noisy, and highly combustible suggestion of a rent strike. Being a sensible man, without any blood line to Simon Legree, he informed his tenants that he believed the circumstances invited mutual discussion, asking them to meet him for the purpose. Which they certainly did, with results satisfactory to both sides.

Landlords as a class have clung to the horse-and-buggy days. Politicians, with a shrewd perception of the power of good will, have developed almost to an art the absolutely sure-fire technique for securing its benefits by kissing all the babies in sight; complimenting Mamma's jams, jellies, and pickles at the county fair; and passing out cigars to Papa — "compliments and best wishes from Horace Whuffle, your next Representative."

Gasoline companies, farseeing about possibly inhibiting effects on motorists of newspaper campaigns against highway accidents and of the subtle irritation of gasoline taxes, have applied a mild but continuously analgesic balm in the form of unlimited road maps, gadgets to pretty up radiator caps, and books on adventure in strange places or on national politics (sometimes these are synonymous) by Lowell Thomas. All free for the asking and guaranteed to hoist good will to the most pleasant of boiling points.

Refrigerator manufacturers have inundated the nation's housewives with cookbooks and recipes for frozen desserts which make the Taj Mahal look like an ant hill. And, all this time, where have the landlords been? (The term *landlord* is here used to indicate owner and/or agent.)

The landlords have been in the back room, attending to their amortizations and letting the tenants and good will go wonderfully and completely hang.

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Engaged in the construction and operation of homes to house human beings with human preferences, tastes, and yearnings for creature comfort, the landlords have sat pontifically behind gleaming desks, crisply demanding references and plunking down arbitrarily fabricated leases, thereupon withdrawing from all further human contact with tenants, to operate their buildings with the bludgeon tactics they found useful or necessary in dealing with contractors who had tried to give them the least for the most amount of money. They have failed superbly to suspect that the cardinal factor of their business is the entertaining of human beings and that those human beings would remain guests in their houses only so long as the conditions made the remaining convenient and agreeable.

Rents, Death, and Taxes

The average landlord has never been sad because the tenant disliked him, because he never expected to be liked. In a vague way this was a matter for the application of philosophy, like death and taxes. If his mind ever did play with the idea of trying to bring about a little humanization of the relationship, it snapped back quickly into place, with the reflection that a landlord deliberately setting out to cause tenants to like him might well make himself look a little ridiculous. Besides, why should he bother? In any practical situation did he not have the upper hand? Did not the tenant always realize that, in the last analysis, after he had blown off some steam, the landlord had the clinching argument — the lease? Why should a landlord risk disturbing so salubrious a situation?

But now, practically overnight, the landlord is confronted with the declaration that, inasmuch as the tenant is *both* worker and consumer, proper attention is going to be paid to his voice in matters of housing. Where formerly no one but the worker cared very much how or under what conditions he was housed, now he occupies a place of consequence in public concern. He is regarded as an individual who works to earn money to consume the housing the landlord has for sale. And, as the whole subject of better housing is very much to the fore and as, moreover, there has come into relief a new and very definite prejudice against tenant exploitation, it all looks suspiciously as if the days of the landlord-over-tenant tyranny were over. And, if a careless landlord doesn't want tenants crying out in voices sure to be heard by people who will be unpleasant, he must begin to mend his ways.

The tenant's noisemaking device? Rent strikes and, in the large, tenant councils. It is a fact that tenants in considerable numbers seem to have the impression that landlords have merely been waiting for recovery to get under way, whereupon they will raise rents suddenly and sufficiently to recoup the losses of the depression years.

Now there is something to be said at this point on the side of the landlord. Whereas any child knows that building employees' wages and practically all other maintenance expenses have risen sharply, many tenants have shown a tendency not only to assume that it wasn't necessary to raise rents considerably but that it wasn't fitting that they should be raised at all.

On the other hand, involved in the machinery of clinging to their own interests, the landlords have tended to be equally unrealistic. They wouldn't dream of trying to cut their allowances to their wives without an explanation — and a reasonable one, lest they be thought to be boorishly depriving her of her regular visits to her hairdresser. Yet they failed to see that it would come to practically the same thing to ask a tenant to pay more rent when his income hadn't risen materially.

A certain number of false starts have necessarily characterized attempts by realistic landlords to discuss the facts with tenants, openly and objectively. This cannot really be blamed on the tenants, because the landlords had not established a basis of confidence which would justify their expectation of being believed. Is not this, then, the first and essential job of the realty management of today and tomorrow? To establish confidence between itself and the tenant class, as an instrument to keep misunderstanding and friction in detailed negotiation to a minimum?

In March, the United Press made a survey of between fifteen and twenty States, to find out whether there was a housing shortage. how much rents had been raised, and whether building was catching up with the demand for rental quarters.

The findings showed that rents had soared as much as twenty per cent in a short time, that

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the demand for rented quarters was the highest since the depression, and that building was lagging way behind. Parenthetically, the causes were set down to marriages delayed by the depression and the redispersion of families which had doubled up during hard times.

Now any fair-minded tenant will agree that, the sooner landlords begin to get back some of the money the depression has cost them, that much sooner can the landlords expand the service they can afford to supply and that much sooner will tenants be able to enjoy added housing attractions. The point at issue is how this burden can be distributed so that its suddenness and bulk won't crush the consumer. Question No. 1 for the application of the quality of mutual confidence and detached judgment. If the recovery from the depressing circumstances of latter years is to be smooth, free of bitterness and setbacks, it must be through each side's harmonizing its problems — the problem of the tenant to occupy and pay and the problem of the landlord to provide and serve. Which brings us to a man in New York who is a landlord himself and who, oddly enough, has an idea in landlord-tenant relationship that he has been able to make work — and no bones broken.

The Ideal Landlord

When Clement E. Merowit came out of Cornell he moved naturally into building and apartment-house management, inheriting the professional preference from a grandmother who was a famous figure in real estate in New York in days when it scared the wits out of most people even to contemplate the thought of a woman's engaging in business.

He had approximately five years during which to sink his roots in construction and building management before the depression was upon us and he had another six or seven in which to find out whether a gradually evolving philosophy of what might be called negotiable landlord-tenant relationship could be profitably applied during the so-called bad, as well as good, times.

He has written a text for teaching a technique of handling tenants in a manner in keeping with his ideas of gracious living (in what is probably the first book on progressive management) for the Central Y.M.C.A. College in Chicago, and has been invited to give a course at a Midwestern university on landlord-tenant relations in real estate. He is one of 25 charter members of the New York Chapter of the National Association of Real Estate Boards. When he organized a Residents' Voluntary Movement for Noise Abatement — which included such sponsors as Karl Bickel, Miss Ida Tarbell, Dr. A. A. Brill, and John M. Glenn of the Russell Sage Foundation, he was proceeding on his conviction that tenants are as much entitled to protection against the intrusion into their homes of the sound-making activities of strangers as of weather, peddlers, and thieves and that it is part of the landlord's service obligation to his guests to afford them this protection. There are a lot of noises that cannot be effectively controlled by law, and, if they are to be controlled at all, it must be through the consideration of neighbors for neighbors.

When you look at it, this particular idea of landlord-tenant relationship is almost ludicrously simple. It merely presupposes that, without mutual confidence, understanding, and harmony, there can be only blocks of rabbit warrens, which is not the same thing as communities of *homes*.

In every apartment house there are always a number of questions which can be advantageously discussed between tenant and landlord. Complete understanding reached through a friendly exchange between the landlord's representative and his guest should build and safeguard the comfort and peace of mind of the apartment dweller and become of advantage to both.

The instruments of such discussion are frequent personal visits or some system of simple communication. To divide it up, half and half, seems a good idea. The most gregarious of tenants would soon tire of having landlords trotting in constantly to see that everything is all right. On the other hand, it is comforting to know that there is an avenue for making suggestions about the smoother conduct of the house, about anything, in fact, that affects the factor of living graciously in modern cliff dwellings. So, for Mr. Merowit's part, a bulletin goes round to tenants at intervals; aptly enough it is called *Gracious Living;* it carries bits of news of the house, information about extensions or changes in service, suggestions based on what is after all the simple prescrip-

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tion for gracious living. Also it extends in so many words a constant invitation to tenants to sit down and reply. With praise or blame or concrete suggestions of their own for further contributions to the enjoyment of living under particular roofs. For it is quite obvious that neither the landlord nor the tenant can ever force gracious living, one upon the other, but that it must be the aim of both, working for a common goal.

New Kind of Lease

If landlord-tenant distrust has one single identifiable cause, it is the standard lease, that formidable document which has probably flung more tenants subconsciously upon the warpath than anything else, convincing them that it was framed solely for the purpose of giving the landlord a firm grip on the back of their necks.

Now no number of pages of small type made up of words of obscure meaning can ever cover completely all the points involved in the hiring of premises on which to live. On the other hand, it need not take reams of paper and masses of type to record a reasonably adequate and efficient agreement.

Landlords who are honest with themselves know that tenants have very often been right when they charged causes of dispute up to hidden clauses in leases, because the standard lease is a miracle of queer little phrases which anyone with any I.Q. whatever can easily translate, if occasion demands, as enjoining a tenant from doing almost anything at all.

So the first thing to do, it seemed to Mr. Merowit, was to sponsor a simplified lease, cutting the *whereases* and the *to wits* to a minimum. The result, supervised by the American Bar Association of the City of New York, was a document which covers one fair-sized page, setting forth an agreement in purely relevant terms, between the people who own and manage the property and the people who live in it. It says such things as that you'll pay the rent or withdraw peaceably if you don't. That you won't keep dogs or honey bears or horses (and there *was* a man out in the Middle West, believe it or not, who conceived the Full Life as including the privilege of keeping a horse, of which he and his family were fond, in their flat, maintaining a double bed for it to sleep in and a place at the family board for it to take its meals from) without coming to an agreement with the landlord about them. It says you won't throw ink on the walls or take marksmanship tests on the closet-door mirrors or otherwise misuse the property. And a few other simple things like that. And that is all.

In the days when the standard lease was all there was, the minute the lease was signed the tenant was transformed from a person whose presence on the premises the landlord courteously courted into a sort of perpetual time bomb, to be given as wide a berth as possible and doused with the hose the moment he showed any signs of blowing off.

Shortsighted, Mr. Merowit says. All leases run out some time, and the landlord is almost certain to find that, when the roll is called up yonder, people so treated will most certainly not be there.

The Little Things in Life

There are landlords in this broad land of ours who have made little experiments with tenants, and they have found that the animals were actually grateful for small favors, *if* they were convinced there was sincerity behind the thoughtfulness.

On the other hand, a landlord who treats tenants badly or just fails to think about them at all is forgetting that in some ways tenants resemble elephants. They never forget.

Die-hards among landlords will contend that the development of good will by gasoline and refrigerator companies has cost a lot of cold hard cash and that realty is in no position to be fooling with such la-di-da expenditure.

Mr. Merowit's contention is that a surprising bulk of tenant good will can be built up on nothing more fiscal than some straight creative thinking about the handling of tenants by the right type of thoughtful individual. Impeccable service, graciously rendered, is a comparatively simple formula. Its core is impressing on the tenant that the management cares whether he comes or goes. It aims at surrounding the tenant with a structure of peace and comfort, so protected and secure that, when the lease is about to expire, the pen cannot be grasped too quickly to resign.

Mr. Merowit believes that the tenant on the average is a reasonable individual who wants no more than what is properly coming to him. Of course there is the exception who de-

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velops a demand phobia. This type discovers he can obtain anything he wants by a species of Chinese water cure administered to the landlord, and, the more he succeeds in squeezing out, the more monstrous his imagination grows. How does he do it? One means is to withhold rent. Another is to be loud and gluttonish in demands for service, with the inevitable epilogue of tedious angling for satisfactory compromises.

Such a tenant has completely lost sight of the fact that, the more profitable a building is to the owner, the more readily will he be able to maintain good service and preserve the character of the house. A tenant who makes unreasonable demands is supplying the materials for the inevitable day when a retrenchment will have to come and not only will he receive his demands but the whole cloth of the house will have to be cut to a new pattern, according to the well-known principle that you cannot possibly make a silken purse out of a sow's ear.

The type of service which contributes to tenant happiness and preserves the character of the house must necessarily be delegated to the house staff. We have seen in other fields that, while tools can turn out articles for consumption, the men who run the machines are important; for a dissatisfied and defiant operator of a machine is a liability to the final excellence of the product, particularly when he multiplies to the point where he so gets into the hair of the industry that it costs valuable time to take him apart and find out what is the matter with him. Probably not much doubt exists in the minds of General Motors officials that some particular and careful study about five years back would have obviated a great deal of grief in 1937. And, as it is amply illustrated that such repairs cannot be made at the last minute and production lines be kept moving, the question is whether other industries, such as realty, will learn the lesson less painfully or wait until it hits them in the nose.

In Mr. Merowit's view the simplest policies for a staff which is to be the link between landlord and tenant are those adapted from ordinary rules of polite conduct. By keeping to rules laid out for them, the staff enables the management to do its job of providing service and comfort successfully to tenants and their guests. The more successfully, the greater the financial return; the greater the financial return, the greater, in turn, the reward of the staff, not only in pay but in personal satisfaction and pleasant working conditions.

For instance, a member of a staff trained in the usages of good manners does not shout, "Okay!" when addressed by a tenant or leave his post in the elevator to run around the corner for a newspaper or to air a dog while other tenants futilely press the buzzer. A doorman does not entertain the local guild of delivery boys at the curbstone with reports of last night's boxing matches while tenants let themselves in and out. A switchboard operator does not read *Real Mystery Stories* while someone on the eighteenth floor wonders if he's going to be marooned without communication for the night. You may say such things are self-evident, but they have been known to happen. And the tenants smoldered and wondered why they endured it; and the landlords wondered why the tenants seemed so sour.

"There ought to be a law!" shout some tenants.

"There will be training schools," says Mr. Merowit. It will take time but, if landlords and tenants place confidence in each other and are patient, it will come.

The Question of Tact

Petty nuisances are often the result of a mistaken effort on the part of the landlord to secure additional revenue, directly or indirectly. For instance, the tacking of a paltry sum to a tenant's rental for the use of gas consumed in the laundry costs more in the hiring of a reliable timekeeper and in collection than it can possibly be worth to the landlord. If one wanted intentionally to goad a tenant, a surer way could scarcely be found.

Indeed, when the question of any extra expense arises, the landlord is immediately confronted with the opportunity to break or make tenant good will. Obviously it would save time to follow the line of least resistance, but the art of enlightened management technique lies in selective concession. And then, no matter what specific service is involved, the final and critical test lies in the graciousness with which the matter is resolved. A landlord who grants or refuses a request only after considerable and presumably gratuitous delay and without grace will most certainly draw a blank in the estimation of the tenant.

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Outside of fundamental procedure for personnel, few arbitrary rules can be framed to cover enlightened tenant management. Accurately viewed, the relationship is constantly alive and can no more be left untended than can a growing garden. On the other hand, you don't pour tons of water on the garden one day and give it no more for a month.

A personal greeting on moving in; assistance at this critical time with such problems as telephone and gas service; an expression of concern in case of serious family illness; active assistance in seasonable subleasing — these all offer opportunities for a nice judgment in ingratiation without intrusion on the privacy or sensibilities of the tenant. But they require a more than superficial acquaintance with him and an effort to make him feel that he is a personality about whose contentment the landlord is specifically concerned — not merely D8 and H_4, bound to yield a certain number of dollars per month and forgotten between collections.

Give and Take

Real estate does a prodigious amount of advertising. Tenants have often discovered that services were advertised which utterly failed to materialize. And a good deal of advertising is out of all proportion to the results obtained. Intent on filling business space and increasing revenue, the landlord has concentrated on a strange market, neglecting the clients he has already secured.

It is part of Mr. Merowit's philosophy that the tenant who likes to move is the exception. It is more normal human nature to dislike moving about. Moving is costly to energies and pocketbooks alike. Once in a building, the majority of tenants would prefer to remain, if possible.

But it is part of ingrained tenant suspicion that the landlord would a little rather his tenant list should change every year, in the belief that if tenants stay on they conceive this to be a favor to the landlord and demand too much of him. The landlord, so the theory runs, proceeds on the assumption that newcomers wouldn't dare ask so much of him. Perhaps both landlords and tenants need to cultivate a little pragmatic thinking on this subject.

Landlords have been organized for some time, and they mustn't think that hasn't contributed to the hostility of tenants, who have felt that it constituted a well-made wall of resistance, to repel them if they should try to assert themselves. And now tenants have begun to organize and, for all its tardiness, there is a curious, warning aspect about this move. Tenants have no hesitation whatever in setting forth that it is for the specific purpose of "protecting" themselves.

There will be some points at which tenants will need to be protected less than they think, but that is a matter for the application of mutual understanding and does not alter the essential situation of one bloc arrayed against another, a condition which is not only dangerous in itself but which is a direct impediment to the best trend of the times — peaceable consideration of all mutual problems.

It is Mr. Merowit's idea that there is one simple way to cut all the corners and arrive at a working basis, without a lot of nonsense and waste motion. That is not Tenant Councils or Landlord Councils but Tenant-Landlord Councils (or Landlord-Tenant Councils, as you please) in which both groups could redesign living on the basis of a meeting of problems with mutual enlightened self-interest.

With such a method, biting, scratching, and hitting in the clinches would grow obsolete. Landlords and tenants could talk over practical aspects of harmonious living with good humor and common sense and the conviction that they were getting somewhere.

Multi-residences could be transformed — as the rule rather than the exception — from tents pitched by wandering and disenchanted tribes into universally comfortable home communities.

Incidently, business would prosper.

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The Two Dictators

by **EMIL LUDWIG**

THE DANGERS of dictatorship can be judged more advantageously from the effect of great personalities on history than from statistics. However, it would be an error to believe that hero worship is synonymous with Fascism. England and America drew their most outstanding leaders from democratic schools; there is nothing to prove that Elizabeth or even Cromwell was greater than Pitt or Disraeli. Although I am fully aware of the differences between the two mightiest dictators of our time, I as a democrat am unable to accept either of their systems. I explained the reasons to Mussolini myself.

Of the two, I know Mussolini from the many conversations I had with him regularly over a period of weeks — Hitler, from his speeches (which I both witnessed and, later on, heard, over the radio), from his book, from private reports of those people who became acquainted with him during long visits. In order to grasp the psychological foundation and the consequences of dictatorship, I studied the character of both nations. That of the Germans I knew from my birth; the character of the Italians I learned by studying their language and culture during my travels.

IL DUCE

THE EARLY DEVELOPMENT of the two men was completely different. In his youth, Mussolini, son of a blacksmith, stood at the anvil and helped his father forge the glowing iron. He spent his evenings listening to his father and friends carrying on revolutionary discussions. The elder Mussolini was a bold and fearless man who lived and died in poverty and whose coffin was followed by the whole town, although he was only an obscure blacksmith. Full of instinctive hatred against the system under which he had to live, he named his sons after revolutionaries, taught them Marxian doctrines and the fundamentals of anarchism. He would have served as the perfect prototype in a novel for the father of a modern revolutionist. The scene of Mussolini's early life was laid in Romagna, that section of Italy which, as far back as the Renaissance and later, produced dictators and demagogues.

During the years of his development, Mussolini attempted to acquire through libraries and censored tracts the political knowledge which his father lacked. He supported himself from the age of eighteen by teaching and, shortly after his father's death, aided his mother, younger sisters, and brothers. As a political agitator he was imprisoned, then fled to Switzerland, where he became first a bricklayer, then a roofer; he was deported from Switzerland and lived in southern Tyrol unrecognized for a time until he returned to his native land where he was once again thrown into prison.

"Nine prisons," he told me once, "I knew between the ages of twenty and twenty-six." During these years of development he studied constantly and persistently and even before the War became editor of *Avanti*, the greatest Socialist paper in Italy. Mussolini's entire youth was charged with energy and ambition — a decade of passionate labor.

DER FÜHRER

DURING THIS formative period between the ages of 15 and 25, Adolf Hitler was an idler with no urge to study, utterly lacking in talent, energy, or ideas. Son of a petty customs official, he lived with his poor, widowed mother in a corner of Austrian Bohemia. He spent several years in decrepit lodging houses, where the dregs of Vienna collected, and occasionally

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tried to earn a few cents by selling picture postcards. He was refused admittance to art school because he could neither draw nor paint.

Let us compare the photographs of these two men at the age of 23, and you will see a picturesque head with positive features next to a nondescript youngster who even then showed no distinguishing features. Although today all the young men attempt to copy their leader's haircut, there are no Italians who resemble Mussolini, while Hitler represents the common type. When the War broke out, the Austrian was an unknown number, glad to find a job; the Italian, on the other hand, only a few years older, was already at that time powerful enough to force the entry of Italy into the World War through his party.

Mussolini recognized his opportunity immediately after the War and threw himself into the task of founding a party which would launch him into power. It took him three years to achieve his purpose. By 1922 the party had grown so strong that its march on Rome checkmated the government and compelled the King to appoint the editor from Milan head of the government in Rome.

From this time on Mussolini becomes Hitler's model just as Octavius emulated Caesar. No sooner had Mussolini revived the ancient Roman salute than Hitler transported it into Germany, where it had neither history nor roots. No sooner had Mussolini renewed the *fascio* than Hitler imported an old symbol from India, also alien to the German. The black shirt in which Mussolini clad his guards, after the fashion of Garibaldi's red one, Hitler copied in brown. Mussolini's Fascist anthem was imitated in a similar rhythm. *Duce* for the man in Rome was translated into *Führer* for the man in Berlin.

In politics too, Hitler mechanically followed in Mussolini's footsteps from the very start. Granting that Mussolini exaggerated the communist peril with which he lured the citizens to join his party, nevertheless factories had been in the hands of the communists only a year before. In 1933, however, when Hitler had the communists allegedly set fire to the Reichstag, he did it in a country where communists had never ruled, where, as a matter of fact, they had been firmly opposed for fourteen years. The last communist riot in Germany had taken place ten years before Hitler's rise to power.

How then did he attain power? Did he, perhaps, develop and find himself during the War? While Mussolini distinguished himself on the battlefield, there is no record in regiment reports of Hitler's deeds — heroic deeds about which German youth is now being taught. This much is known: In his Munich *Putsch* of November, 1923, he withdrew leaving several of his friends to be shot down in the streets. And nowadays he will appear at parades only when the streets are lined with three rows of troops.

Then, if neither youth nor war experiences prepared Hitler, what *is* the source of his great success?

Hitler's Secret

Here historical and national conditions enter into the situation. Both of these indicate how much easier it was for a German to gain power in 1933 than for an Italian in 1922.

Germany was beaten, Italy victorious when both dictators made their entrance. Mussolini made no move against either church or state. Actually he strengthened them both. In Germany, on the contrary, 22 ruling heads were overthrown, and in the midst of the chaos of a fallen nation a few dozen inexperienced politicians had to lead the people through the most difficult years of her history.

The man in the street, whom Mussolini wanted to win over, cursed at the mounting cost of macaroni and the frequent robberies of small shopkeepers. The man Hitler wanted to win over was just as hungry, but besides — and even more than that — was stricken to the very depths of his German pride by the prohibition against carrying arms. To sign the Treaty of Versailles and fulfill its articles was the most thankless task of the Republic's first government. To defy the Treaty and those forced to fulfill it was the gratifying task of the opposition. The theory was soon invented to the effect that Germany had not been defeated by her enemies but by traitors out of her own ranks. The time was ripe for someone to come and point out that defeat and higher prices were a direct result of democracy, and everyone was inclined to believe him. This coup removed from Germany the sense of inferiority which had bowed her down after her defeat, and Hitler emerged triumphant.

When Hitler came into power, the victor's three great strokes against the conquered —

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Rhineland, reparations, and prohibition of army — were made ineffectual. The only thing new about his method was that, instead of negotiating, he demanded — and broke every treaty when it no longer suited him. He threatened war at a time when France and England were no longer willing to undertake another such venture for the maintenance of a treaty which had already been shot full of holes.

Hitler's phenomenal success is based on the fear which Germany again arouses. The difference between Hitler and his model becomes more apparent. Mussolini too strove toward the world's higher esteem for Italy. He too prepared his people for war, and yet neither England nor France armed themselves immoderately because of it during this decade of Italian rearmament.

But, when Hitler began to arm, all Europe was thrown into a fever. It became apparent that he not only wanted equal rights for Germany and the privilege of rearming but was also desirous of exceeding the other nations. Mussolini has never designated the Italians as potential rulers of the world. He knows their limitations. Hitler is so convinced of the supremacy of the so-called Germanic race that everything taught in German schools and universities during the past four years proves his determination to consolidate all peoples of "Germanic" origin. It was for this reason Europe realized at once that Mussolini's program meant unrest but not war. Hitler's program, however, could be achieved only by a war.

Romans and Teutons

Both dictators increased the self-confidence of their respective people, but only for Germany did this prove dangerous. The Italians, a naturally critical people, were trained to a greater discipline; the Germans, already the most perfectly disciplined people on earth, instead of having the bonds of their liberty loosened, were lashed into an obedience of the highest degree. Mussolini found a people who for centuries had been unwarlike and trained them to militarism in his own way. Hitler found the most warlike people in Europe beaten and told them that only by means of arms could they regain their lost honor. After the aristocracy of German culture had attempted in vain for a decade to bring the other Germany into power, the Germany of intellect, music, and science, Germany fell under the sway of a man who taught that the sword alone determines honor. Young Italians going to Spain want money and bread, nothing else; but a part of the German *Freiwilliger* in Spain is fighting for an "idea." In Germany millions religiously believe the new doctrine; the Italian people are not persuaded.

While Mussolini had constantly to contend with the Italian-inherited conception of liberty, Hitler had but to tell the obedient Germans, who had never possessed it, that their short excursion into liberty had been an error — the nature of the state lies in authority — and everyone agreed. It took Mussolini eight years to persuade the last recalcitrant professor to take the oath; it took Hitler only eight weeks. Once I said to Mussolini — and that was long before Hitler — that he lacked the Germans as material. He replied that he admired the old Prussian drill.

In Italy also, many intellectual leaders were forced into silence — a fact which is inexcusable — but only a few eminent Italians live outside its borders, not even Toscanini. On the other hand, practically all renowned Germans have been banished from their native land.

Adolf The Orator

Hitler's success beyond the borders of Germany could be won only by convincing the masses at home. This could be made possible only by possession of a quality which eminently distinguishes him — his gift for oratory. A great popular speaker was hitherto unknown in Germany. The Kaiser used to speak at banquets and from the balcony of the palace, the minister in Parliament. Bismarck made his first speech as a civilian at the age of 75. The people's parties also had not had a truly great orator for over 150 years. Mussolini speaks in a country where every third man is an orator.

In Hitler we find a public speaker who fascinates the Germans because his speeches have something of Wagnerian music — repetition of a few impressive *leitmotifs*, sobbing and shouting, instrumentation through a vibrating voice, above everything a conglomeration of musical fog consisting of gods and heroes, blood and race. Hitler won the Germans by his genuine oratorical ability, and foreigners cannot understand the profundity of his effect.

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When Mussolini speaks at the Piazza, his metallic tones convey simple sentences in a masculine baritone. The listening Italian understands him, goes home, and says: "We understood him, the man is right." When Hitler speaks, the room becomes swathed in a cloud of mist, and he works himself into a hysteria. The listening German is shocked, goes home, and says to himself: "What can he mean? How great he must be!" The apparatus fixed to the speaker's platform through which Hitler can put himself into the spotlight by the mere pressure of a button shows how skillfully he manufactures his ecstasy. The difference between both ways of speaking — simple here, mystical there; logical here, sentimental there — is comparable to Verdi and Wagner.

Another difference distinguishes these two dictatorial speakers. One practically always talks about himself, the other hardly ever. Mussolini in his triumphant speech May 31, after the Abyssinian victory, mentioned the word *I* only twice. Hitler repeats it a hundred times in each speech and becomes involved in himself — as did Napoleon III, who for twelve years filled the world with his name.

Dictator and Kaiser

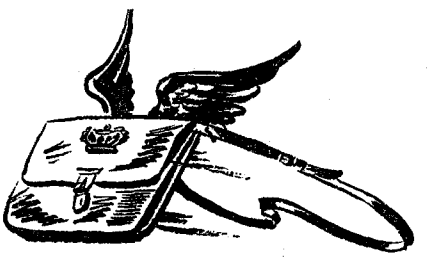
Mussolini too knows his worth but is much too proud to sing his own praises. Since he is sure of himself, he talks little about himself; since Hitler, on the contrary, is uncertain, he talks about himself incessantly. Here the resemblance between Hitler and his predecessor, Wilhelm II, becomes apparent: Both are orators. This alone is their one outstanding quality. In their speeches both affect the strong man because of their inherent weakness, and whoever heard the Kaiser speak knows that only a higher degree of culture and knowledge differentiates him from Hitler, as a speaker. Take Hitler's photograph, draw out the stubby moustache in the manner of Wilhelm II, and the resemblance is startling. It is important in the history of the German character that on two consecutive occasions Germans entrusted their fate to such dazzling, incessantly talking, incessantly threatening neurotics. Hitler speaks in a whine, is constantly offended.

Hitler's whole book consists of nothing but attack and hatred. Nor is Mussolini a kind man. He told me once that he is no kin to Caesar, who forgot his enemies, but to Bismarck, who hated them. And yet the character of each nation and each man leads to an entirely different solution of the problem of war.

Here the difference between Hitler (and Wilhelm II) and Mussolini becomes particularly glaring. Mussolini is a man in every respect, particularly well developed, physically, father of a large and ever increasing family. He drove his car through half the country to show the people that he knew the art of steering; at the age of 53 he took his examinations as an airplane pilot. To set a good example, he wields an ax and operates a tractor in public.

Hitler does not indulge in any kind of sport, cannot drive a car, never is seen doing any sort of manual work. That is the penalty he pays for his lazy youth. There is in him the desire of an actor who wants to play the role of a king in medieval style, as though on a Wagnerian stage, while Mussolini strives to give the impression of a simple man. Hitler is a bourgeois, who always wants to look elegant but on whom a coat or a tie somehow never seems to fit. While Mussolini manifests a preference for show, as for instance his idea of working in Rome's largest auditorium, Hitler's rooms show the taste of a house painter who has misunderstood several chateaux. Mussolini, son of a worker, keeps away from aristocracy (his son-in-law is the son of a simple bourgeois who was knighted only some years ago) and married his son to a woman of the people; Hitler filled the highest German posts with nobility.

The degree to which this is reflected in his written style is comprehensible only to a German, because in translation his book is more fluent than in the original. And we, in turn, must retranslate it into our mother tongue. While in Mussolini's style, on occasion, we find a picture from the world of toil — describing a bricklayer, a smith, the world in which he grew up — in all of Hitler's 500 pages, there is not one original turn of phrase. Everything is written in a flat journalese by an author who



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cannot remember one line from the treasure of the German language: Goethe or Schiller. This book does not contain a single quotation from any German classic. Despite his ignorance, he nevertheless discusses art for hours during Party meetings, because he deeply resents not having found acknowledgment as a painter. Attending artists listening to his views on art can scarcely restrain their laughter. The greatest German painters since 1900 are today exposed by Hitler's personal intention as "disastrous art." Mussolini has hardly ever in the past fifteen years discussed art in public, but he has expressed significant opinions on Shakespeare, whom he studied thoroughly.

Mussolini has known enough to add constantly to his own store of culture during the fifteen years of his dictatorship. I have heard him speak German, French, and English fluently; and it was only during his dictatorship that he learned English. Hitler during his lazy youth lacked sufficient energy to learn a single language.

Mussolini is continuously desirous of learning, Hitler of teaching. Each of Mussolini's visitors reports that he has been cross-examined. I met with the same experience. Whenever a visitor leaves, it is Mussolini who has added something to his knowledge, while Hitler's visitors reveal that Hitler himself talks without interruption. He thunders at the visitor, rolls his eyes, pounds on the windowpane, and, after launching into a torrent of words, abruptly dismisses his guest.

While the man in Rome sleeps the night and works from nine in the morning, Hitler often after midnight calls for one of his ministers, but he leaves all the actual work to his subordinates and can scarcely ever be reached before eleven. Mussolini leaves the capital only during the summer, never enters society, never entertains house guests, because he is too busy working. Hitler spends the greater part of the year at his country home in the corner of Germany farthest removed from Berlin. With whom does he associate there and in Berlin? Preferably with screen stars. One of the most famous of these depicted such an evening, during which Hitler gathers twenty or so men, serves wine while he himself drinks water, and delivers a monologue for three hours. He dreads being alone, dreads silence, and even dreads learning. All this reveals the frustrated actor ever seeking an audience. It also explains why his decision and actions are so theatrical. Since he dreams of world power, nobody knows where he will strike or when he will deliver his blow.

In Italy the most gifted man of all chose his collaborators, formed a staff, and gave them office; in Germany, however, a group of desperadoes chose one from their midst who excelled them in one thing: the power of speech. They called him the "drummer" and in secret irony made him their leader. In Rome, today, we have a man at the top whose highest officials are, really, all his secretaries; in Berlin the leading man is overshadowed by some of his ministers, and is superior to them only in the field of propaganda. Therefore, Italy is governed by the single will of one man, Germany by half a dozen "leaders"; and no one knows in which direction these diverging currents will carry her.

Who Wants War?

Two leaders emerge — leaders with entirely different qualities and intentions. Under no circumstances is Mussolini planning to start a war in Europe for the expansion of Italy. The story of his Caesar complex is a fable invented by people who misunderstand his character. He is the typical excellent Italian diplomat, realistic and cynical. Mussolini will neither instigate a war nor readily participate in one: he will wait and later on go with the winner. Hitler gambles everything on the supremacy of the Germans, on the expansion of German power. He knows that the Germans want neither colonies nor raw materials nor Strasbourg nor the Ukraine. The Germans want nothing but a victory, and therefore the idealists among them cannot and will not rest until they have achieved one and until they have stood once more in the Hall of Mirrors as triumphantly as they stood in 1871.

This is where the mystical actor leads them. With such hopes he electrifies the youth. For, in spite of the fact that at the last moment he may perhaps wish to avoid the war which can swallow him, Hitler, like Wilhelm II, will nevertheless be forced into it. Mussolini, however, who is not a mystic but a diplomat, will draw his profit out of Hitler's war. And therefore Hitler and not Mussolini will end like Napoleon III.

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Notes From the Diary of a Modern Circuit Rider

by **JAMES MYERS**

EASTERN *Arkansas*

"Which one of them two fellers is God?" asked a child, clinging to its mother's skirts in a bare shack deep in the share-cropper country. Rev. Howard Kester, free lance "shepherd of the disinherited," told me today that there wasn't a teaspoonful of food in the house when he and another representative of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union arrived, under cover of darkness, to bring food to this striker's family. For days the children had been hungry and crying. Their mother had kept assuring them that "God would provide." Funds for relief had been supplied through our Church Emergency Relief Committee from church people all over the country who take seriously the article in the Social Ideals of the Churches: "The Churches should stand for the right of labor as well as employers to organize and bargain collectively." Many strikes for better conditions have been broken because of the hunger of strikers' children. Their mothers, after long deprivation and heroic suffering, simply can't stand it any longer.

New York City

Marched in a parade of unemployed, 3,000 poorly clad humans with crude signs demanding unemployment insurance and more adequate relief. My Negro friend, Rev. William Lloyd Imes, and I carried the banner of the Ministers Union started by the late Ted Chaffee of Labor Temple. Just in front of us was a socialist contingent with red banners flying. A woman pushing her baby in a dilapidated carriage brought up the rear of the socialists. She had a loud voice and, quite unsolicited, took it upon herself to lead the cheering for the Ministers Union! At Union Square I spoke for religious forces, quoting resolutions by church bodies.

As I got down from the cart tail, a young communist woman with a look of amazement and sincere interest said, "Are the churches interested in these things?"

How could she be expected to know? We need to dramatize more the interest which does exist in our churches so that the oppressed and underprivileged may know that many religious people are concerned in these things.

II

FAIRMONT, *West Virginia*

Got up at 3:30 A.M. today to see picketing at nearby coal mine and gather facts about causes and conduct of the strike. The owners are church people in New York. Seemed there might be possibility of mediatory service. Tried to observe unobtrusively, but was taken in by company gunmen and detained as a suspicious character.

Knoxville, Tennessee

Danger of a widespread strike in the coal fields, with probable violence and bloodshed. Called on president of the ministers association, pastor of a prominent church, and proposed a conference under church auspices to bring operators, union officials, ministers, and others together for friendly discussion of issues in effort to inform public opinion in hope of peaceful adjustments. He said that was "not the church's business," which was only to "preach Jesus Christ." I brought up the matter of explosions in coal mines and asked if he would inform his people and help get a law to require rock dusting of mines, which prevents such explosions with their disastrous loss of life. While he admitted that it was the church's business to conduct funerals and care for widows and orphans, he declared this "would be dragging the church into politics."

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Chicago, Illinois

Spoke at a mass meeting of workers near the stockyards. The chairman, an I.W.W., apparently expressed the sentiments of the crowd when, in introducing me, he declared that "the church has always been the worst enemy of the workingman. It has sided with the rich, done nothing for social justice or improvement of the lot of the workers — parsons have promised bliss in heaven but done nothing about hell on earth; they have told the people to be patient here below and they'll get their pie by and by, in the sky. Religion," he said, "is the opiate of the people. We will now hear a speech by the Reverend James Myers, on 'The Church and Labor'"!

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

A young Presbyterian minister named Paul Cotton got put into jail for helping textile strikers, in a perfectly orderly manner, to give out handbills, urging workers to join the union. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers asked that a protest meeting be held over these and other arrests which plainly violated the most rudimentary rights of free speech and assemblage. The Church League for Industrial Democracy sponsored the meeting. His secretary, Rev. W. B. Spofford, and I spoke. City detectives were present but did not interfere. Strangely enough, the Commissioner of Police was an ordained Episcopal clergyman. So we had an Episcopal clergyman responsible for the arrest of a Presbyterian minister, while the General Assemblies of both their churches had declared solemnly for "free speech, press, and assemblage" as essentially American and religious ideals. We pointed out that Cotton was merely carrying out the ideals of his church while the Commissioner was violating the official standards of his church. The papers didn't print a word we said. The Commissioner retained his post. Cotton lost his church.

Los Angeles, California

Led the discussion today at a public seminar — one of a series, throughout the State, set up by ministers or councils of churches to provide an open forum for all sides to state their points of view on the longshoremen's strike and the Imperial Valley Agricultural Workers' strike, where ruthless violations of all civil liberties were perpetrated by the landowners. Living and working conditions of these agricultural workers are almost unbelievable. Rev. Edwin P. Ryland, Social Service Secretary of the Methodist Conference, made a prayer which was so profoundly, so uncompromisingly religious, which touched with such spiritual daring on the unchristian aspects of our church life and of our civilization that I said to myself, "I can see how some people would want to kill him for that."

Little Rock, Arkansas

Accompanied by two local ministers, Rev. Marshall Steel and Rev. Joseph Hunter, attended trial this morning of David Benson, organizer of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, who had been arrested for "interfering with labor and inciting to riot" while peacefully walking along a country road with an orderly group of striking "cotton choppers" and share croppers. The State policeman who arrested him admitted, on cross examination, that he was breaking no law but had a "foreign license" (Washington, D. C.!) on his car. The five witnesses of the prosecution failed to identify the prisoner when he was pointed out. Yet the jury, composed of planters, brought in a verdict of guilty, with maximum penalties of the law amounting to $1,060.

A well-dressed man turned to me, a perfect stranger, and said, "Now I hope they'll try him for murder. As a matter of fact, all I wish is that they'd just turn him loose — his troubles would all be over by night!"

I replied quietly, "I'm a little surprised to hear you say that."

With a look of cold animosity he replied, "You'll be a h—— of a lot more surprised at what can happen around here if you stay around." He then went around the courtroom whispering to others, who glared back at me with deadly suspicion.

My minister friends, noticing this and in view of the general violence on the part of many landowners and their agents, felt it best that I should leave immediately after the trial. We were hardly out of town when a mob attacked the lawyer for the defense and demanded that he drop the case and never return. They beat his driver, a union official, and threw him into jail.

The Governor has been declaring publicly that "no objection has been interposed to the

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formation of unions" and that there is no "peonage." After consultation with these liberal ministers who denounced conditions from their pulpits and after addressing the Ministers Association, I have decided to issue a newspaper release giving the findings of my week's study of the situation, with quite opposite conclusions from the Governor's! Copies of a longer report, including careful documentation from previous studies of the wider cotton tenancy problem (where the causes of unrest lie) by our Research and Race Relations departments, will be sent later to federal and State authorities and given extensive publicity.

III

CINCINNATI, *Ohio*

Had a unique experience today. Heard Arthur Nash address his 3,000 employees and plead with them to join a labor union! He said he had tried to run his clothing factory on the golden rule but had decided that, no matter how good they made conditions in a single factory, they were selfish and unchristian unless they tried to improve conditions for all workers in the entire industry. He pointed out that only through national labor unions could workers help do that, while he in turn brought influence through employers' associations. It took all the force of his personal influence to persuade them, but they finally voted to become members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

I have often wondered what would be the effect on the psychology of management-labor relations if a union could be born with the wholehearted consent of the employer, instead of after a bitter fight. It will be fascinating to see. [A later study of the Nash plant showed a complete spirit of co-operation between the union and the management and actual improvement in efficiency of operation. The same proved true of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company of Denver, where the owner, Miss Josephine Roche, voluntarily consented to unionization by the United Mine Workers, who later even went without their pay for two weeks to help her out of a financial jam. Union labor seems to respond as surely as other human beings to spiritual laws.]

Honea Path, South Carolina

Preached the funeral oration today at request of the United Textile Workers at the mass funeral service of six strikers shot down by a volley of shots from inside the mill as they picketed before the gates. The mayor, who is also the mill owner, had deputized his strikebreakers and nonstrikers and, being untrained and undisciplined, they blazed away without any provocation for such drastic measures. Ten thousand workers, many clad in blue overalls or gingham dresses, attended the funeral and stood in the broiling sun, in an open field, for two hours while local and national union officials addressed them and sound trucks recorded the scene for the newsreels. The six open caskets lay close to our rough speakers' platform. The mountaineer crooning and shrill wailing of the bereaved relatives nearly tore your heart out. I pointed out that these men need not have died if employers generally had conceded the right of labor as well as employers to organize, a principle approved by church bodies as an expression in industry of the principle of democracy, whose roots go back to the teachings of Jesus that all men are children of God; that it was high time that government, state and federal, should protect the right of workers to organize as unquestioningly as it now protects the property rights of owners when they are threatened.

"Don't be impatient, friends," shouted the chairman at the close — "We'll bring them corpses out where you can all pass by."

The families filed past first, shrieking and moaning, the widows half carried by supporting arms. The casualties of industrial warfare! I thought of Arthur Nash and the golden rule in industry.

In many years of contact with industrial situations, it has been my observation that *there are more strikes where there are no labor unions or where employers are resisting the formation of unions than there are where established unions exist.* In the printing trades, railroads, and clothing industries, for instance, recognized machinery is at hand for adjustment of disputes between management and labor by the peaceful processes of conference, through boards or impartial chairmen — the application of the principles of American democracy to industrial relations. I am impressed also by the fact that usually it is conditions, not "agitators," which cause strikes. At any rate bad conditions make it possible for almost any leadership to precipitate a strike. In a bloody

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coal strike in Colorado, led by the radical I.W.W., we found only a handful of radical miners. Still they admitted freely that they followed this radical leadership and, when asked why, declared that "conditions were so bad we would have followed anybody" — as one man put it, "H——, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union could have led this strike, and we'd have followed just the same." There is usually something seriously wrong in wages, hours, working conditions, or denial of workers' rights of self-organization when a strike breaks out. Middle-class people would be wiser not to *assume* that "agitators cause all the trouble" but to find out the facts.

Tampa, Florida

Attending the American Federation of Labor convention as observer and guest. In accordance with our custom of many years, have arranged for labor officials to occupy pulpits of churches desiring addresses on the ideals and objectives of the labor movement, many of which are held in common with the concern of the churches for human welfare. Spoke at open-air meeting in the park with prominent labor leaders, the president of the Ministers Association presiding. I commended the ministers of Tampa who a year ago held a "service of public penitence" after the flogging and torture of labor organizers, resulting in the death of Joseph Shoemaker. There have been long legal delays, and justice has not yet been done to the perpetrators of this crime, among whom were members of the city police. [Note — Another year has passed, and still the failure of justice!]

Indianapolis, Indiana

Met Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, the great Japanese Christian, at the train. He had insisted on riding in a coach, though on an extraordinarily heavy schedule. He is a surprisingly little man in stature. In spite of all the physical suffering and opposition he has encountered in his championship of the poor, he is the merriest of souls and laughs heartily over amusing incidents, including vicious attacks on him as a "communist." Kagawa made the opening address this morning at the National Seminar on Consumers' Co-operation, under the auspices of the Federal Council of Churches and attended by 350 denominational church leaders from all over the country. Dr. Kagawa described consumers' co-operation, because of its ideal of nonprofit service, as "the love principle of Christianity in economic action."

We had as speakers also leading officials and experts of the American Co-operative Movement. As part of the Seminar we arranged sight-seeing trips to the flourishing co-operatives here and in nearby counties. We saw the Indiana Farm Bureau Co-operative Association's office building, its wholesale warehouses, with farm machinery and supplies, its gas stations, oil-blending plant, coal and lumber yards, credit unions, chicken hatchery, feed and fertilizer factory, flour mill — a demonstration in co-operative education and recreation and other features of the amazing developments of the movement which are characteristic also of other States in the Middle West.

Questions were asked of managers as to the ideals and objectives of the movement and the practical problems of successful management. "How do you start a co-operative?" was a frequent question, as the contagion of Kagawa's religious idealism and the actual economic achievement of these American co-operatives brought to many a new vision and a lively hope of a possible method of nonviolent social change in the direction of economic democracy and a brotherly social order.

Flint, Michigan

Visited Fisher Body plant of General Motors Corporation, where sit-down strikers have held the factory for six weeks. A novel experience to see workers occupying property in defiance of injunction. They say their jobs are the only property they own and they feel they have a moral right to sit at their machines until they have been granted the right of collective bargaining — a right approved by church bodies and all political parties and the law of the country. The union first took up grievances six months ago in St. Louis through the legal procedures provided by the Wagner labor-relations act, but the Corporation secured an injunction so that the National Labor Relations Board has been unable to function. It is a complicated and dangerous situation. We are interviewing widely and gathering information for a factual report. The Michigan State Council of Churches is to hold an emergency conference, inviting speakers from the General

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Motors Corporation, the union, and the government in an effort to understand and to inform public opinion.

Interviewed Governor Murphy. Was deeply impressed with his determination to avoid bloodshed and with his deeply religious conviction that if you can get people into personal conference they can and will be able to come to some agreement. He is under a terrific strain.

At parting I told him we would be praying for him.

His face lighted up. He said, "You couldn't do anything which would please and help me more."

While strikes have been spreading like wildfire this year, it is to be remembered that they always do so in periods, like the present, of increasing general prosperity and larger dividends. At the same time workers feel the pinch of increasing costs of living. Some remarkable examples of industrial statesmanship have occured, notably the agreement between Carnegie-Illinois Steel and other units of the United States Steel Corporation and the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, without the necessity of a strike. In painful contrast, Mr. Girdler, President of the Republic Steel Corporation, declared that he would not make an agreement, verbal or written, with the union, even if a majority of his workers were to vote that they desired the union to represent them. During this steel strike a group of over 100 clergymen, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish, joined in a public statement, as we frequently do on public issues, urging an agreement. Labor history shows that as a matter of fact all our national labor unions have been born only after a bitter fight with its heritage, community disruption and industrial ill will. Judging by the few cases I have seen, it seems safe to predict, that if employers will voluntarily concede to labor its right to organize, a new psychology of co-operation and good will can be achieved in American industry.

IV

ATHEISM — *or the Presence of God*

A significant remark was made to me by a labor official at the close of a strike some years ago. A group of ministers had taken an active interest, requesting both the employers and labor to speak to them and explain their points of view. They had offered mediation. They had raised funds for relief of strikers' families who were hungry or evicted from their tenements. "I wish that earlier in my life I had met this kind of religious leaders," the union man said, "but the rabbis, priests, and ministers, I have known never seemed to concern themselves with economic justice for the oppressed, and my mind has swung off, not only from belief in the church but from belief in God, whom the church is supposed to represent." Here we have in a nutshell the major cause of "atheistic communism" in many countries where the church has failed to concern itself with the welfare of the masses.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Preached at an interracial church service this afternoon. It is an outgrowth of a group of white and colored younger church folks started by the American Friends Service Committee. They have been meeting for a year to study and take common action toward the abolition of race injustices and discriminations in our unbrotherly daily life. The service was held in a downtown church. The interracial audience was seated, of course, without any "color line." The ushers were white and colored, the organist colored. They have white and colored preachers on alternate Sundays, with a minister of the other race in charge. The service was conducted with dignity and beauty. At the close, the vested choir, white and colored, moved slowly down the aisle singing the recessional. My colored brother minister and I followed. As we stood with bowed heads among the choir in the anteroom while they sang the closing stanza, I was overwhelmed with a sense of the immanent presence of God.

The words of Jesus came to me:

> If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

I am more and more convinced that, *to the degree in which we shall practice brotherhood* in racial, economic, international, and personal relations, there will come to us new revelations of the nature, the nearness, and the love of God — and with them new depths of reality in worship.

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New Sweden, Old America

by **NABOTH HEDIN**

A DRAMATIC encounter of picturesque personages in commemoration of an equally dramatic incident in early American history is scheduled to take place at Wilmington, Delaware, next June 27. President Roosevelt, surrounded by the pomp and panoply of his high office, will go there to greet Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden and other members of the royal family as well as of the Swedish government at the very rocks where the first Swedish colonists landed on American soil 300 years before.

On that occasion the Swedes were met by five Indian chiefs from whom they bought the land on the west side of the "South" or Delaware River from its mouth as far up as the Schuylkill, where the city of Philadelphia is now located.

Seventeenth-Century Vikings

THE NEW SWEDEN TERCENTENARY will be another of those international observances which began with the Dutch-flavored Hudson-Fulton Celebration in 1909 and continued after the World War with the English Pilgrim Tercentenary at Plymouth in 1920. Since then the City of Boston as well as the States of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Maryland, to say nothing of Harvard College, have celebrated their 300th birthdays. The Virginia colony at Jamestown goes back even further, and was duly commemorated by an exposition in 1907. All these were permanent settlements and not chance or temporary landings by explorers or traders. Northern European civilization in America can therefore be said to be now approximately 300 years old, or about twice the age of the United States.

Next year it will be the turn of the States of Delaware and Pennsylvania, not forgetting certain counties in southwestern New Jersey, where the Swedes were the first to establish permanent communities. Even a small slice of Maryland was included in New Sweden. From Wilmington the Swedes moved their capital to Tinicum Island, near Philadelphia, in 1643, so that Pennsylvania had the seat of government before William Penn was born. Why the school histories have neglected these beginnings of permanent civilization in the Delaware Valley is hard to say. Last winter their authors and publishers were scolded in a resolution passed unanimously by the State Senate of Pennsylvania. Introducing it, Senator C. Hale Sipe, from the western part of the State, said:

> Every school child in Pennsylvania ten years of age can tell you right off the name of the ship that brought the first settlers to Massachusetts, hundreds of miles from Pennsylvania; but not one schoolteacher in a hundred can tell you the names of ships that brought the first settlers to their own Keystone State.

Perhaps it would have been different had not Sweden at the time been so preoccupied by the Thirty Years War, out of which she added to her own domains around the Baltic. This empire nearer at home seemed so much more important than far-off Delaware, which had been planned chiefly as a trading colony. The element of religious or civic freedom did not enter in. The Indians had valuable furs to sell for knives, axes, kettles, blankets, and gewgaws, and Peter Minuit, a Dutch citizen, born in Germany of French ancestry, who had been general manager of the Dutch New Amsterdam, or New York, had persuaded them that the mouth of Minquas Kill, or where the present Christina River joins the Delaware at Wilmington was the natural outlet for all the beaver skins collected back of the North, or Hudson River, Valley. Having spent some seven years in America, he knew not only the lay of the land but the language of the Indians and he not only helped organize the first expedition but went along himself as the first supercargo. Unfortunately, while passing through the West Indies on the way back he lost his life.

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There were other Dutchmen on board the first time, too, notably among the sailors, the Swedes having had little experience with trans-Atlantic navigation in those days; but the ship, the flag, and the military garrison for the first little stockade, or primitive fortification, were Swedish.

But what of the Swedish-speaking people? When their governor and other officials returned to Sweden, they remained. As traders they could not hold their own with the Dutch or the English, but they were better farmers and they, therefore, dug in, so to speak, where they were. The soil and climate they found to be better than what they had been used to at home. They cultivated corn, kept cattle and horses, pigs and sheep, raised fruit, distilled cider, and made wine. The Indians continued to be friendly, and under both the Dutch and English authority the Swedes served loyally. Their Swedish clergymen stayed with them, and new ones arrived from time to time. So did religious books and some schoolteachers, including a brother of Emmanuel Swedenborg, while the wife of one of their ministers was his cousin. They had already laid out the first roads, often along the Indian trails, built boats and grist mills and other beginnings of primitive industry. They had also held courts and administered law, kept schools, usually in private houses, built churches, and paid taxes. When William Penn arrived in 1683 he wrote of them in a letter as home-loving and law-abiding, well-educated and eager for more education for their children, although he did not feel they had used their opportunities for farming and truck raising on a large scale. Who could better describe the average Swedish farmer of today?

Tercentenary Plans

It is the tercentenary of these modest enough beginnings that the two countries will celebrate together. They will be aided by many individual States and communities, particularly those in which the children of the later immigrants reside. About half the States of the union have already appointed official delegates to attend the unveiling ceremonies at the Wilmington Rocks and otherwise represent them. The United States Government has likewise an official Delaware Valley Commission of fifteen members. In the preparations Delaware has naturally taken the lead and has decided to make a public park of the landing place, calling it the Fort Christina State Park. The same point was later fortified in the War of the Spanish Succession in colonial days and during the War of 1812.

The monument to be placed there will be a gift from the Swedish people direct, having been paid for by popular subscription, sometimes in very small amounts indeed. One of the main Delaware highways, leading to Pennsylvania, has been renamed Governor Printz Boulevard. A historical exhibit, relating to the actual colony and including many rare Indian relics, will be sent over from Sweden and may be shown in Wilmington as well as in the American Swedish Historical Museum in Philadelphia. A retrospective Swedish art exhibit, going back as far as the Viking days, is being circulated through a series of American cities as far west as St. Louis and Minneapolis. It will end up in Philadelphia in time for the celebration. School children in the two countries have begun to exchange correspondence. Memorial coins have been minted on both sides of the Atlantic, and special commemorative postage stamps are under way. But, perhaps most significant of all, American universities have invited Swedish scholars, some of them Nobel Prize winners, to come here during the current academic year as tercentenary lecturers. The first will be Professor The Svedberg of the University of Upsala, winner of the 1926 Nobel Prize in chemistry, who will take part in the dedication of the new chemistry building at the University of Delaware in October.

Things to be Gained

In such ways nations make love to one another, and, in these days of ultranationalism and isolation, wars and threats of war, it is encouraging that two independent states, distant and unequal in size as they are, can cooperate even to that extent. It is time for stocktaking and the comparison of experience. Democracies need to keep step and close ranks. Until quite recently only a few people in the United States realized that there was much to be learned from such a small country as Sweden. Now, thanks to many returned American travelers and writers, the situation has changed. With her longer history and fuller experience, Sweden may have learned something about

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such problems in human affairs as the administration of law, the relations between capital and labor, the division of national income, the control of liquor, the management of currency, the care of the old and feeble, the preservation of natural resources, keeping the cost of living stable, the control of monopolies, the distribution of electricity, the education of voters, and a number of other problems that now beset the United States which it is worth while to make note of.

In his address at the dedication of the monument, the Crown Prince is likely to review briefly the main facts about the colony from the Swedish point of view — why it was undertaken; why it failed in one respect, the financial, and succeeded in another, the human. He could then prove this success by summarizing the various benefits Sweden has received from America during the past 300 years, in gratitude for which the monument is offered to the American people. He could mention such modest American contributions as the potato, which every Swede eats almost every day, and such imports as tobacco, which almost every Swede smokes daily, or the coffee he drinks almost hourly. He could speak feelingly of the new impulses toward practical democracy, the independence and dignity of the individual which Sweden has received from the United States since the earliest days, the help in breaking down class distinctions, and the corresponding growth in the political and the economic importance of the common man. He could finally refer to the increased sense of security felt by a small European country because of the friendship and kinship in both flesh and spirit of a great power like the United States. A time may come when such imponderables as common ideals may mean more than treaty alliances.

In his reply the President will probably also review the history of the New Sweden colony from the American point of view, comparing it to the other early European settlements on the Atlantic seaboard. None of them was particularly large or impressive at first. That some of them should have had so much greater significance for the subsequent history of America could not have been foreseen at the time. The common language of the United States might have been French, for instance, as it still is in eastern Canada, or, still more likely, Spanish, in which American books were printed and education was given long before the Pilgrims came to Plymouth. King Gustavus Adolphus in his moments of victory on German soil may have imagined that it might become Swedish. In 1626 he had signed a charter for a Swedish South Sea Company to trade and colonize in Africa, Asia, America, and Magellica. Truth to tell, the Swedes have never shown any great aptitude for colonization or domination over other races. They are probably too individualistic. But what they have contributed, by the sweat of their brows, their manual skill, inventiveness, and special character, to the growth of the United States the President is likely to summarize.

Winning the Swedish Votes

In doing so, he will have an opportunity for a political move which such an astute statesman as he is not likely to overlook. As a rule the great majority of Swedish-Americans vote the Republican ticket, through thick and thin, and yet there is no binding reason why they should. They are far from being hidebound conservatives, as witness their support of the Progressive movement under the first Roosevelt, the Farmer-Labor faction in Minnesota, and the Non-Partisan League in the Dakotas. In Nebraska Senator Norris has had no more steadfast supporters than the Swedish farmers, even when he bolted the Republican ticket and voted for Alfred E. Smith. They like such independence. In 1936 it is probable that they supported President Roosevelt. But, as for becoming enrolled Democrats — that is something even James A. Farley himself could not hope to bring about. And yet Irvin S. Cobb once remarked that the Democratic Party would gain in discipline and stability if it could exchange with the Republicans a million Irishmen for the same number of Swedes.

Whatever he chooses to do to court the Swedish-Americans, the President will have in this visit to Wilmington a natural, neutral, and unsought opportunity to invade the very stronghold of the Liberty League. Three of the most influential of the du Ponts (but not the father-in-law of Franklin, Jr.) are members of the official Tercentenary State Commission of Delaware, and out of respect for their own local history they cannot fail to attend a State dinner in the Marie Antoinette banquet hall of their

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own du Pont Building, majestically facing the central Rodney Square of Wilmington. It is the very citadel of the whole du Pont empire.The logical toastmaster would be the State's Democratic governor, the amiable Richard C. McMullen, who in private life is a leather manufacturer. At his side would logically sit Crown Princess Louise of Sweden, a granddaughter of the late Queen Victoria of Great Britain.

Here in the presence of both European and economic royalty, the President will have an ideal opportunity to defend his New Deal policies, and he could do it without mentioning them by name. He need only say complimentary things about what Sweden has already done along the same lines. By the same words he could make his Swedish guests blush and the Liberty Leaguers squirm. That he is familiar with Sweden's accomplishments he has shown on many occasions. Thus, when he announced his commission to study co-operatives, he had before him a copy of Marquis W. Childs's book, *Sweden, the Middle Way*.

Sweden and the New Deal

At the outset of his address, after paying the usual compliments to the foreign and domestic guests, he would naturally make the most of the seeming paradox that, while Sweden has done perhaps more than any nation for social welfare and a wider distribution of wealth, she was one of the first to recover from the depression, to balance the budget and restore normal employment. He could then point out for the delectation of John L. Lewis and other labor leaders and to the corresponding discomfort of certain employers who might be listening on the radio, if they were not present in person, that in Sweden the principle of collective bargaining has not been questioned for over a generation. It does not need any wages and hours legislation. The labor unions take care of that when they negotiate nation-wide wage contracts. And yet the country has progressed steadily toward a higher standard of living, and private capital still finds profitable investment.

Then, without losing the continuity of his theme, he could go further and reassure his apprehensive American opponents by pointing out that, having been allowed to organize and take control of the government itself, Swedish labor has become more and more conservative, so that last fall it voluntarily sought alliance with the farmers (who, after all, are the rock foundation of any conservative electorate) and severed all campaign contacts with the Communists. He could go even further and recall that all the northern countries in Europe, which are generally acknowledged as the most stable and most democratic as well as the most prosperous in the entire world today, are now governed by similar farmer-labor combinations. He could then imply very strongly that, in order to avoid dictatorships of either the Left or the Right, the United States must follow the same general course.

He might then score on the rugged individualists and defend the Wagner housing act at the same time, by stating that for 40 years Sweden has publicly supported an "own home" movement by easy credit terms and has promoted the division of large estates so that as many families as possible might have their own land. He might add that for 30 years the City of Stockholm has helped clear slums by buying large tracts in the suburbs and leasing plots to home builders with 90 per cent credit on the costs. It has so far lost no money on the venture — only borne the capital risk and reduced real-estate speculation.

The Hopkins program for public spending, which in Sweden is called "letting the millions roll," might be made to seem more palatable to the taxpayers present by a brief reference to the Swedish public-works program which was instituted in 1933. To what extent the business recovery in Sweden was due to these expenditures is a moot political question in Sweden, too, but the President need not go into that.

And, unpleasant as the subject would be in such company, the President might say something about taxes, which in Sweden have been high enough to balance the regular budget throughout the depression, and he might add that, when the extra emergency budget was set up in 1933 to take care of the unemployed, heavier taxes were at the same time imposed on all large estates and large inheritances, so that the special budget would be closed automatically in five years. After 1933 the normal income from regular taxes and other sources covered all outlays. But, though prosperity has returned, income taxes have not been reduced this year as they were in 1936. The money is to be used to prepare for the next

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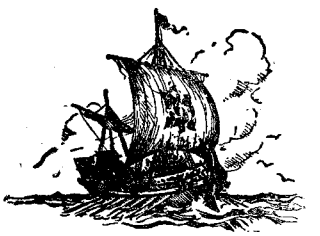
depression, says the labor Minister of Finance!

On the other hand, the President will certainly still need to "sell" his public-utility program, the TVA and other "yardstick" measures, to the large investors present, and he can do this indirectly, too, by referring to the government ownership in Sweden of such important utilities as the principal railroad lines, about one third of the water-power plants, important forests, and all of the wire and wireless communications, as well as the post office. They all make money for the public treasury, even the post office, and yet telephone rates, for instance, are much lower than in America, so there is no indirect milking of the consumers. But private railroads and bus companies also make money, and so do the private power companies.

And The Supreme Court

Finally the President might intone in his best radio crescendo that, though Sweden has a written constitution almost as old (in its present form) as the American, she has no supreme court to decide what the constitution means. She has been able to get along without one, he might exclaim, because — and then pause dramatically — because the people themselves are the supreme court. There is not one single provision in the most fundamental law of the land which cannot be changed or clarified by the majority votes of two successive Riksdags, between which there has been a general election! A special election can be called any time. In other words, what the legislative majority decides is final in Sweden, provided it is ratified by the people.

In Sweden the institution of royalty itself could be changed as easily as any other constitutional provision, and the President might cite that as the highest possible compliment to his royal guests, proving as it does that, if Sweden still has a king, it is because the people prefer to make no change. There are no nine old men to stop them! Nor do they wish to repeal the social-reform measures of which the Swedish conservatives are as proud as anyone else. All they would like to obtain is a cut in taxes, but, as a Swedish saying has it, "If a thing tastes good, it costs something."



Science Whispers of Immortality

by **BARCLAY MOON NEWMAN**

This side of death — immortality. Another pseudoscientific phantasm? This time, apparently not.

The stream of life has flowed immortally for a billion years. Meanwhile, the living waters have branched amazingly into uncountable streamlets of race and individual. For a million years men have endured as races.

Yet this endurance has not meant immortality for each man — each tiniest fraction of the great flood — who discovers that he must eventually age into a mere residue of dust. But must he die?

No, the new bioscience whispers, he need not, for he is learning to tap a mysterious spring of ageless vitality. Already he can re-

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vivify baser tissues — why not his own? His vital harmony is but a slight variation on the common theme of animal chemistry.

Such hopes first arose somewhere in the mists of unrecorded history and have themselves been deathless, grandly stimulating immortal science. Still, alchemists and then scientists vainly sought to compound elixirs, to make grafts of glands, and to inject potent glandular juices. In vain the processes and changes associated with age and death were scrutinized for some clue to means to prolong youth.

Today, finally, men least given to fantasies — conservative bioscientists — can display before your eyes startling phenomena, the basis of potential immortality. And the high significance of such demonstrations is indicated by the award of a Nobel Prize to Hans Spemann, of the University of Freiburg, for pioneer work.

II

SPEMANN FIRST turned up inductors or organizers and showed that these chemicals guide an embryo through the stages of growth into an adult creature. Thus, certainly, even in the human embryo, definite organizers induce tissues to take on the symmetry and activities of brain or, according to the nature of the inductor, to assume the architecture and workings of other organs — eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, each in seemly position and proportion.

So, from a very young tadpole, remove a bit of tissue originally destined to become only skin. Implant this amorphous bit into emergent brain tissue of a second embryo. Now the organizers of brain exhibit their influence. The destiny of the implanted fragment is altered — its cells develop into brain, not skin. Many similar proofs of the creative action of organizers are available.

The fate of young, multiplying cells can therefore be molded to a certain extent by the scientist. Why not the fate of adult tissues, so that new and youthful organs could be forced to replace injured tissue, even tissue injured by time's effects? Spemann aroused this consideration. And American bioscientists, busying themselves with it, are astoundingly extending Spemann's success. At Amherst, Oscar Schotté is at this moment renewing the infancy of old cells and, by the mere magic of delicate laboratory technique, fashioning fresh growths of organs out of stale tissue.

His display is clear and vivid with import, needs no fantastic interpretation to stimulate interest. Schotté learned from Spemann's efforts that a fragment of embryo would stop growing when implanted into ordinary adult flesh. Yet this fragment would continue developing in the midst of other young cells — of the same or of a second infant creature. Schotté then recalled the powers of regeneration found in frogs, newts, salamanders, and other amphibians. A tadpole reconstructs a tail which has been cut off; so does a salamander. Moreover — important point! — the cells of the developing second tail are rapidly multiplying, like those of immature animals. Sure enough, he discovered, into such actively growing tissue — though of adults — successful transplantations of embryonic masses can be made.

Hence Schotté took a minute mass of still shapeless eye tissue from a very young embryo and implanted these cells into the regenerating tail of a salamander. Organizers of eye now dominate the multiplying cells, otherwise ordained to turn into tail. Instead of tail, eyes assume shape. The inductors extend their field of influence. A nose appears, a mouth, then ears, a brain — lo! we have fashioned a new head — the salamander is double-ended. Out of old tissue but tissue of renewed growth we have caused a group of young organs to take form.

We are not dealing with phenomena of minor application or of narrow meaning. Suitable technique is accomplishing the forcing of other new organs, such as kidneys, and in other animals than salamanders. Indeed, the evidence in hand necessitates the momentous conclusion that every young cell, whether in maturing embryo or in old adult repairing injury, has the power to give rise to any type of tissue or organ — of course according to the kind of inductor brought into mastery of the cell.

For a quarter of a century, tissue from a chicken's heart has been kept alive and growing in appropriate medium at the Rockefeller Institute. This period is much longer than the hen's normal span of life. Culture of other tissues — many varieties — is equally promising. Bioscience has endowed cells even of higher animals with potential immortality. The next advance requires the ability to organize such aimlessly proliferating cells into the architecture of thrifty organs. This ability

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is today coming into being. Organizers have been turned up. They have been put to work, and their artificial creations are duplicating the most exquisite of natural productions — brain.

III

How soon can these discoveries directly benefit man? Depending on the intricacy of inductor molecules and on the ingenuity of our biochemists, years may elapse before any inductor is isolated chemically pure. It may require decades to secure refined samples of the more elusive and the more complex organizers. We knew of insulin long before it was obtainable in practical quantities for extensive research. Then, having provided organizers unadmixed, it is up to the organic chemists to synthesize them artificially. These syntheses would require more decades.

Meanwhile, however, once a couple of inductors are isolated, our understanding of the general laws of inductor action will proceed steadily toward higher accuracy. The ways of using these substances to control growth will be steadily clarified: We may learn how to mold organs of lower animals by supplying even crude extracts of suitable activators. Thus, while research into the most refined phases of the science of the nature and influence of activators is continuing, only a third of a century from now we may already be turning to the rat and the guinea pig for advice eventually applicable to man. Granted that our ability to keep human tissues alive and proliferating in laboratory cultures has progressed apace, by 1987 we may be haltingly inducing the emergence of mere portions of human organs — perhaps, say, out of cancerous tissue and still (of course) only in the "test tube." By 2037, we may have whole eyes or spleens assuming shape and ready for transplantation into injured humans. Then also we should be beginning to find how to renew the growth of defective or aging organs — activate their repair while in the very body.

Investigation is even now proceeding along still another promising line. We recall that the cells of adults have substances which inhibit the development of implants. In adult salamanders, implants thus far have been made to continue proliferation only when in the midst of regenerating tissue.

What are these inhibitors of cellular multiplication? Students of cancer are most eagerly seeking them. For the universal characteristic of cancerous cells is their unrestrained propagation. Therefore, cancer studies are contributing further to our science of rejuvenation. That is, we shall be able to determine the nature of the materials which prevent the propagation of cells of hurt organs. We shall determine how to counteract this inhibition. At last we shall find how to control, by injected organizers, the molding of uninhibited cells into the renewal of destroyed or aged structures. When? Probably before the end of the 21st century.

IV

The implication of Schotté's successes, that every young cell has the power to produce any type of organ, has inexhaustible potentialities. Theoretically, the day ought to come when a microscopic fragment will be induced to swell into greater and greater mass, the increasing tissue guided by organizer after organizer. Activity will gradually clothe itself in human symmetry. This human mechanism will become the man in the street: There walks the product of a speck, originally finger tip. Will sexual reproduction have become an almost unremembered feat? Or be allotted to but a chosen few, for bio-reasons now unguessable? These things are possible.

If you feel that such speculation is incredible, if you cannot admit that man is merely a higher illustration of the physical and chemical relationships which permit the manufacture of synthetic rubber, read a good history of biochemistry. You will gain lofty comprehension of physiological probabilities. For, in order to read this instructive history, you will first have to write it — none exists.

This task will make lucid the present marvel of how bioscientists have stretched the mortal span in which we can listen to whispers of the future.

In an early issue:
"Can We Afford Children?"
by Paul Popenoe

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Revitalizing Democracy

by **KIRTLEY F. MATHER**

No unusual amount of clairvoyance is required to ascertain the fact that the star of democracy is no longer in the ascendancy. Large numbers of persons in America as well as in Europe have abandoned of late the democratic ideals which seemed such a desirable goal for social organization in the years following the war which was fatuously supposed to have made the world safe for democracy. Within the last two years two powerful European dictators have completely intimidated their peace-loving and more democratic neighbors. The United States faces today the most serious situation with regard to international relations that has arisen in all our history. And at the same time our internal problems are so complicated that grave doubts are being expressed concerning the possibility of solving them without a drastic change in our governmental structures and procedures.

It is obvious that there is imperative need for a revitalizing of the spirit of democracy. If government of the people, by the people, for the people is not to perish from the earth, there must be a new birth of loyalty to the democratic way of life, an increase in the vigor of our desire to resolve the age-old paradox of the individual in society in terms of freedom for the individual in the midst of restraint conducive to the common welfare of all.

If autocracy in business and industry through the domination of small controlling groups is to be replaced by more co-operative procedures, with a lessening of the tension between employers and employees, there must be a widening spread and deepening hold of the desire to organize our economic structures for production and distribution on a basis which recognizes the necessity for sharing resources and profits in an equitable manner. Above all, there must be an inherent willingness to discover the consequences of social actions of all sorts and a new sense of individual responsibility for the welfare of all members of the human family.

II

The real reason for the present partial eclipse of the star of democracy is, I believe, the fact that our souls have grown weary of the struggle. As a nation we are collectively tired from the long and unsuccessful battle against odds that are well-nigh overwhelming. As individuals we are on the verge of despair when we compare the vast dimensions of the task with the puny accomplishments of those who are trying to use their brains to find the way out of our difficulties. The low potential of the dynamic for democracy which has made possible the rise of dictators, whether in industry or government, is largely a consequence of spiritual exhaustion. Our vitality has been drained by a sense of frustration and the crushing weight of responsibilities which seem too great for us to lift. It is emotional fatigue which causes the people to abdicate in favor of supreme commissars or a Reichsführer or Il Duce.

To strengthen and invigorate the dynamic for democracy is therefore an inescapable part of the task of education in this second third of the twentieth century. If we are to make any progress in that direction, we must mobilize all the resources that we can find or can create. We must be idealistic in our aim but realistic in our practice. Above all we must have the courage of our convictions and the fearlessness which arises from a supreme faith in the essential worth of human nature.

First of all, there must be a clear definition of the democratic procedure sketched in outlines so bold that all may see and understand. The drafting of a constitution and the construction of ballot boxes are not enough. Even within the framework of a representative government there may be no abiding place for the

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spirit of democracy. Unprincipled demagogues have all too often fattened on the very people who have chosen them as their representatives in the political arena. In a true democracy there is no room for passion or prejudice. Only through education may passions be controlled and prejudices eliminated.

There must, of course, be leaders in a democracy. But the difference between such leaders and those in a dictatorship is unfortunately not yet clear to the great majority of our fellow men. The dictator seeks and seizes power *over* people; the democratic leader seeks and gains power *with* people. The distinction is not a subtle one, and is readily recognized once it is brought into sharp focus. If the significance of that difference between power over people and power with people can be adequately presented to the consciousness of a weary world, it will go far toward revitalizing the will for democracy.

In the second place, those of us who are wholeheartedly committed to the democratic way of life must improve every opportunity to make plain the real nature of the only alternatives to that way which are available for mankind. Perhaps no more poignant picture of the most likely alternative now threatening the nations of the earth has been drawn than that contained in the words which H. M. Tomlinson puts into the mouth of Old Talbot in *All Our Yesterdays:*

> "My church is down," I hear him saying. "My God has been deposed again. There is another god now, the State, the State Almighty. I tell you that god will be worse than Moloch. You had better keep that in mind. It has no vision; it has only expediency. It has no morality, only power. And it will have no arts, for it will punish the free spirit with death. It will allow no freedom, only uniformity. Its altar will be a ballot-box, and that will be a lie. Right before us is its pillar of fire. It has a heart of gun metal and its belly is full of wheels. You will have to face the brute, you will have to face it. It is nothing but our worst, nothing but the worst of us, lifted up. The children are being fed to it."

Those words written in 1929 have a prophetic ring, verified by the recent history of the majority of European countries and worthy of close attention here in the United States. The Black Legion, compulsory flag saluting, teachers' oaths of allegiance, myopic worship of the Constitution are straws which show the direction in which the wind is blowing. Flagging zeal for democracy may be stimulated with new energy if the searchlight of understanding is turned on the pits that are at the end of each road which we are tempted by expediency to take in other directions.

III

THE THIRD and most important of the suggestions which I would offer as a procedure toward giving new vigor to the dynamic for democracy is the development of an adequate perspective concerning the relation between mankind and the whole process of creative evolution. Here I make bold to speak with the authority derived from my study of the development of life during geologic time. The pages of Mother Earth's diary reveal an amazing and thought-provoking record of the progress of living creatures throughout the long eras of earth history. Again and again, in the procession of the living, dynasties of animals or plants have arisen from a humble origin to a position of world supremacy — maintained for a comparatively brief period and then lost forever. Some have disappeared entirely as their paths have led them off into blind alleys. Others have sunk to a low level and have continued a degenerate existence to the present day. A few have given rise to other and more efficient forms of life which have superseded their predecessors as leaders in the procession. Gradually we are discovering some of the reasons for success and failure along the path of life. Beyond question man may profit from these experiences of the past, if he uses the intellectual and moral resources which are available for him.

For mankind is in the midst of the procession. We may be the latest product of the creative forces displaying themselves in the organic development taking place in this particular portion of the cosmos but we have no reason to assume that we are the last achievement of those forces. We are subject to many of the same cosmic regulations which have ordained the rise and fall of dinosaurs and three-toed horses, of trilobites and saber-toothed tigers. The expansion of modern scientific knowledge has not given to man the power to conquer nature, statements to that effect notwithstanding; it has simply helped man to humor nature more successfully than before. Still is it necessary for man to order his life,

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individually and collectively, in harmony with forces over which he has no control.

To be specific, the fact that man has arisen from a lowly origin through processes of evolution does not mean that he will necessarily continue his progress to still higher levels of activity. Evolution does not guarantee progress; it merely guarantees change or stagnation. The change may be for the better or the worse, depending on the conditions of time and place and the vitality of the individuals concerned. All of which is to say that, from the point of view of geologic life development, man has today a unique opportunity to gain continuing security for himself and his progeny on the face of the earth; but whether or not he takes advantage of that opportunity is to be determined largely by himself. So far as we can tell, man is the first animal possessing the power to determine his own evolutionary destiny, but there is nothing in the record which guarantees that he will use that power wisely.

There is, however, more than a suggestion in the record of the past as to the way in which man must continue his evolution if he is to take full advantage of the opportunity to make himself secure as an inhabitant of the earth. Time does not permit me to develop fully the many ideas which are pertinent here. Suffice it to say that there seems no escape from the conclusion that man's only hope for the future rests in his ability to use the common resources of the earth for the common welfare of all mankind on a co-operative basis. To commit himself to a policy of selfish competition — "dog eat dog"; "every man for himself, and the devil take all but a few of my most intimate friends"; and that sort of thing — is to commit collective suicide. In short, from the vantage point of the observer of the long procession of living organisms during geologic time, it appears that the ideals of democracy are the very ones demanded by the cosmic administration as a prerequisite for man's continuance as a ruling dynasty of earthly creatures.

IV

It should be noted, however, that an effective dynamic cannot be imposed from without; it must be a result of growth from within. Knowledge of the cosmic demand should be a stimulus to such growth; there should be no attempt to force or drive reluctant or recalcitrant individuals. This is another case of "whosoever will, may come." Knowledge reveals the opportunity; the opportunity may be taken or left, as individuals and groups decide.

This is of course the very essence of true education, through which one breathes the invigorating air of freedom, so essential to the spirit of democracy. Such education must be available for adults as well as provided for youths. Too many generations in America have vainly thought that the problems of democracy could be solved by the universal education of youth. The fact is that it is adults who must be revitalized and brought into balance in order to gain the dynamic force necessary to deal with the situation. It is adults who need the creative ability and the energy to carry the heavy responsibility which rests on mankind.

Indeed, the most encouraging element in contemporary American life is the high tide of interest in adult education which is even now sweeping across the land. In the healthy growth of adult education there is found the strongest hope for the creation of an adequate dynamic for democracy.

During the last few years we have been deeply concerned with the problem of physical undernourishment and starvation. We ought to be even more distressed by the greater starvation in the mental and spiritual areas of human life. The latter is directly responsible for many social ills, but, even worse, it robs the nation of the ability to deal constructively with any social evil. Paradoxical though it seems, the expenditure of mental and spiritual energy results in the acquisition of greater vitality in those areas. Just as food and sleep rebuild the weary body, so mental activity revitalizes the weary brain. Worn out and discouraged by our failure to develop a truly democratic system in our economic and political life, we may gain new energy through thinking about the structure of the atom or the history of ancient Greece or by giving vent to our latent creative desires in the field of art or music. In short, to achieve a potent dynamic for democracy we must invigorate ourselves through education. From intellectual and artistic pursuits there comes, all unaware, a new urge to throw oneself recklessly and creatively into the high adventure of building the new world established securely on the foundations of democracy.

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Must We Have Sermons?

by **BRUCE BARTON**

LAST SUNDAY was warm and sunny, and I was up early and drove the maids to seven-o'clock Mass. A Protestant of the Protestants — and sitting there in the back seat at Mass. One might ask: "What right have you to go sliding off to a Catholic Church at seven o'clock in the morning? Your own church needs you. It is not doing any too well. Don't you suppose it must be discouraging to the preacher?"

My mother would not have been happy about last Sunday's performance. She would have felt that it was somehow cheating the Almighty — getting up early and giving Him an hour that wasn't good for anything else and then going out to the golf club.

A friend once remarked that the Protestant Church serves table d'hôte, but the Catholic Church à la carte; he mentioned this as one of several evidences that the Catholic Church is smarter. Said he: "You can go to the Catholic Church any time from five o'clock in the morning to noon. The spiritual meal is ready. You can kneel and listen, and you are fed. But the Protestant Church plants its feet firmly on the very best hours of the day, deliberately to compete with mundane pleasures, and says: 'Eat at this time or you don't eat at all.' Both the morning and the afternoon are ruined." To which my mother would have replied that, if by giving that time to the Almighty we spoil the day for other pleasures, why, what is religion anyway but sacrifice? And where is it written that those who have faith are entitled also to pleasure?

Besides, she would not have liked the idea of one of her sons being in a Catholic Church. Her spirit was tolerant; Catholicism was all right for Catholics. But surely her boy did not believe their creed! Besides, the service was in Latin; he didn't even know what was being said. What kind of worship was that?

Such questions from her would have been difficult to answer. If her son had said, "I do not care about their creed or about any creed," that would have hurt her. A creed was comfort to her. Everything had been settled; she did not have to think or question. But creeds are not so much comfort to her son. She would have been bewildered to hear him say: "One reason I like to go to the Catholic Church sometimes is just because I do *not* understand what is being said."

Sitting there in a back seat with closed eyes. Thinking how this drama of worship was going on in tens of thousands of churches all over the world — had been going on for 2,000 years and, in different form, for other thousands before. Stirred by the wonder of it, that from the very start of the race there should have been a consciousness of a *something within* and a relationship of that *something* to the *Something Great Without*. The *something within* forever trying to put itself into contact with the *Greater Something*. Blindly, blunderingly, humanity seeking for ways by which that contact could be brought about. Like the search for conductors of electricity. Copper and silver are conductors; wood is not. Music is silver, a conductor. One may shut his eyes and listen, and the *something within* is stirred. Incense, too, is a conductor, and the dim light of candles. Silence under the stars, the sunshine through the trees in spring — all these conduct a current to that *something within*. But not logic, not argument — not sermons. These are not addressed to that *something*. These are addressed to the mind, and the mind is not that *something*. These are not a conductor. These are wood.

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II

TODAY IS another Sunday. Across the fields the autumn breezes bring the notes of the nine-o'clock bells. The Congregational bell and the Baptist bell ringing just as they rang when we were barefoot kids. We were all clean and shiny then from our Saturday-night baths; we had washed the breakfast dishes and made the beds. Presently Mother would begin herding us into line and starting us off up the country road — to Sunday school and afterward to church. Today we will wait until the last bell has nearly finished and then we will jump into the automobile and be whisked up the road that used to seem dusty and so long. There will be other automobiles around the church but not nearly so many as were around the movie theater last night.

The old hymns, heavy with memories. *O Day of Rest and Gladness; How Firm a Foundation, Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott.* Windows open to give a glimpse of the sunshine on the leaves. Clean fresh breezes sifting softly in. Prayers and the organ and the reading of great passages from the Scriptures, and the *something within* will be stirred. Then the sermon. And now — must I confess it? The pastor will almost surely see it, and I am very fond of him, very fond indeed — but less and less, as I get older, am I moved by sermons. What he says is always very good. But nothing any man can say is half so important as the spirit of the service.

His congregation, of course, expects a sermon and, very wrongly, as I think, judges his pastoral performance by it. The Protestant Church always has exalted the sermon; she has made it the overshadowing feature of the service. The Protestant Church began in the days when men's minds, just awakening from the darkness of the Middle Ages, were hungry. The sermon was a great mind feeder. In Puritan New England the preacher, by virtue of the sermon, enjoyed pre-eminent power. He was the lecture platform and the press and the motion picture and the radio, all. He was the monopolist of intellectual stimulation. Men and women listened gladly for two hours, even three; it was their only education and their only entertainment. But came the press, and the lecture platform, and the motion picture, and the radio. And still the preacher must prepare a sermon, and the sermon must dominate the service.

This morning the sermon may be a good old-fashioned gospel sermon, or it may be an exhortation to us about our duties in the economic chaos of the modern world. For some it may mean comfort and food. But will there be others, I wonder, who have practiced until they are perfect in the art of being very attentive and hearing nothing at all? Will the words of the sermon pass entirely over them, out into thin air, and a mood of quiet, aimless, drifting contemplation set in — a vague groping for the source of peace, if you will, but at any rate a complete indifference to the sermon? It may be that they have long since passed the time when logic or argument can do them any good. Or it may be that they have come to the reluctant but finally comforting conviction that the preacher doesn't know any more about it than they do, that it's a mystery which words make only more contradictory and mysterious.

One thing they *do* know — that there is *something within* and a *something in and around and about* and that the music and the breeze and the quietness subdue the mind and give the *something* a chance. But the sermon stirs up the mind. And the mind and the *something* are things apart.

To us old Protestants, raised in Victorian households, the world we used to know would seem to be going to pieces around us. Much that we were brought up on is currently out of style. But the pendulum swings and swings back again. Back will come thrift and frugality and what once were called the old-fashioned virtues. There will be religion in the world, as there always has been. But maybe not the sermon dominating the service. From a day when men had little mental stimulus and felt the need of it, the sermon has continued over into a day when men have too much mental stimulus and feel a deep craving for peace, for quiet, and for faith. Faith and courage and peace are not of the mind; they belong to the spirit. They are in the starry firmament above and the moral law within. By music, by quiet, by incense, by candlelight, by silent prayer, or by meditation alone in a beautiful chapel, they are conducted from the *Great Something* to the *something within*. They are not conducted by argument. "Except ye become as little children. . . . " Little children do not argue. They wonder and feel.

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A Letter to Peyton Randolph Campbell

Killed in Action, 1918

***by* ROBERT HILLYER**

You'll laugh, dear Randolph, to perceive that Satan
Has moved me to include the name of Peyton.
Well I remember the unreasoning shame
Your boyhood felt for that illustrious name.
I felt it for my middle name. We knew
How to annoy each other, as friends do.
"Peyton!" I'd shout, and "Silliman!" you'd cry, —
The fight was on, and fists began to fly.
I never walk down a suburban street
In autumn, when the blazing maples meet
Far overhead in tunneled radiance,
Without an unpremeditated glance
To find two little boys so hard at play
All life seems but an autumn holiday,
When the ripe grapes hang heavy from the vine
In shadowy arbours fragrant as old wine.

Life did not grant you much in days thereafter
But disappointments and the gift of laughter.
Some power must be, who accurately judges
To the last ounce how much the human drudges
Can carry, and then piles upon their backs,
Up to the breaking point, the futile packs.
You were a good man and you did good things;
And your reward? The shell, how shrill it sings!

A dubious reward, perhaps the best
For one who, finding evil, could not rest.
Evil enough there is, my lad, to keep
For ever aliens, your soul and sleep.
Perhaps more happy thus at twenty-four
To die, than struggle in this darker war, —
The spirit caught between the lines, the zero
Hour at dawn, where no dawn is, nor hero.
Those countries, our allies — or so we thought,
Have proved as evil as the one we fought;
All Europe, cheats and cravens to a man,
Except the honest Scandinavian.

This drifting world needs men like you to man it;
I chide you for abandoning the planet.
Surely you might have dodged the shell, or better,
Persuaded with a diplomatic letter,
As others did, that you were valuable
Behind the lines, but not before a shell.
Alas, you yielded to your ruling vice,
A shameful lack of guile or cowardice.
You who were young, knew not when you were hurled
So suddenly, so brutally, from the world,
That you died vainly, and the truth you died for
Was but a sham that Englishmen had lied for.
You gave your life, as fine as it was short,
Not to your country, but the Bryce Report,
A document so void for sacrifice
It even, when the war was done, shocked Bryce,
Whose conscience bade him clear it off the slate,
A handsome disavowal — rather late.
But grown mature in spirit you may scan
Quite without bitterness that larger plan,
Where, nobly if mistakenly intended,
Your gift shall live when the last war has ended, —
A date that coincides, I greatly fear,
With Man's departure from this earthly sphere.

How shall we reach the dead? I can persuade
Your voice to echo back, or call your shade
Before me, as with wonted eagerness,
You bring me proof sheets from your printing press.

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"Proofreader's error!" you would smile. I knew
Your spelling, though the best that you could do,
Disclosed that printer was proofreader, too.
I can recall the little boy of four,
Or the young sergeant in the ancient war;
The adolescent scholar, the athlete,
His winged spirit swift in winged feet.
All these were you; now they are part of me.
My thoughts are not your immortality;
Thoughts never have been, they can never be.
Nor on this quiet morning do I look
For hints of you in wind or flower or brook.
Nature has business of her own — to live!
She has no immortality to give,
But feeds on life and death alike, nor cares
If it be Shakespere or a flea she bears.
The page is blank where once she wrote preamble
To the undying Life of Randolph Campbell, —
Proofreader to himself, and master printer
Misspelling life for death and spring for winter.

How shall we reach the dead? Shall it be thus:
A darkened room to awe the credulous,
A spiritistic circle, hand in hand,
A-sweat with visions of the Promised Land,
Whence, from the jasper walls and golden sheen
And gallant walks continually green,
Spirits return to thump a tambourine?
Our Lady sings *Magnificat* with tones
Surpassing sweet. These whistle "Casey Jones";
And, when consulted on immortal things,
Divulge locations of lost wedding rings.
The medium snores; the fit's upon her now,
One hand moves slumberously to her brow,
And thus distracts the faithful from pursuing
With their attention, what the other's doing.
It, from beneath her negligée, produces
An apparatus deft for sundry uses —
Pure ectoplasm (an extension rod
To ring electric bells or gently prod
Some unbeliever to belief in God.)
A handsome fraud it is. It puzzled me,
Yet I confess that my credulity
Has often made me but a laughing-stock
To friends who thrive as friends when they can mock.
I never in my wildest moments thought
These were our dead. Wisely the Church has taught
That certain imps or elementals see
This chance for mischief, — so it seemed to me;
Imps aided, I now add, by limbs elastic,
Quite fleshly and incredibly gymnastic.
Far better the mute ashes of the Stoic
Than imbecilities so unheroic.
I can not hear the saints in sweet accord
Inscribing gibberish on a ouija board,
Nor flights of angels bearing to its rest
A table battered in a tipping test.
The undertakers at the funeral, fill
The open grave, then dwindle to a bill;
The medium, inspired by her "control"
Extorts fresh payment from a bogus soul,
Composed, if the survivors only knew it,
Of Gloucester glue and sleight of hand and suet.

How shall we reach the dead? are they reborn,
Bewildered mortals in a second morn?
Reincarnations whom the years discover
Unweaving and reweaving their lives over?
Disarmed of all experience, to make
The same small triumph and the same mistake,
Repeated through the ages, till they press
On to Nirvana, crowned with Nothingness?
Better a phantom universe than none, —
Anything, anything, but oblivion.
Let others put two mirrors face to face
To see themselves reflected beyond space;
In space and time wherein I dwell at present,
I use one glass and find it not unpleasant;
Except that time, fast greying on my brow,
Bids me enlist in the Eternal Now.
Reincarnation of the soul! of all
The theories, thou art the most logical,
A spiritual Darwinism, blest
By the huge shadow of Mount Everest.
From life to life ascending, spirits fashion
A gradual release from earthly passion,
Until a loincloth is their total clothing,
And that whisked off, — Nirvana! There is nothing.

Buddha, in whom all crude mutations cease,
Looms from the lotus, smilingly at peace;
The lotus flower at rest, the wheel of time
Stopped like a heartbeat from too high a climb.
Beneath that bending head, that dreamless face,
Time dies in an infinity of space.

Ah, vista of reincarnated lives,
Where no one less than king or queen survives,
How thou hast recompensed for lost romances
Old maids and wives in modest circumstances!
'Tis Cleopatra risen from the tomb

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Who shines the pots and brandishes the broom.
I never yet have met the Christian slave,
But Queens of Babylon denude the grave.
Back from the past reenter, self-appointed,
More monarchs than the Lord could have anointed.

How shall we reach the dead? — Why should we reach them?
Just what have they to gain, or we to teach them?
Love is a bridge they may, perhaps, recross, —
Unwise, to drop in for an afterloss.
I can define the *here;* the *there* remains
A mystery unsolved, for all my pains.
The wise man, like Columbus, still prefers
His course unblurred by bad cartographers.
Sail west. Though India was your intent,
Accept, O valiant, a new continent,
Uncharted in the logic of the mind,
A faith not to be named, much less defined.
Prove it? Subjected to the earthly laws
Of reason and equation, faith withdraws.
Transcendent, it is an experience
Beyond the net of thought, the thrill of sense.
At intervals unheralded, it flows
Through all the being, and that moment knows
Eternity; its altitude goes out
Beyond all ages in an age of doubt.
Nor can belief by unbelief be bribed
To prove what can not even be described.
Far better so; we can not pass our days
Beneath the sun, blind from the fiercer blaze.
I have no patience with the so-called mystic
Who lives on crusts and symbols kabbalistic.
Yeats and his comrades in the Celtic dusk
Throw out the kernel and enjoy the husk.
The real conviction is austere and sharp;
A clear, high tone, — not an Aeolian harp.
It dies, but let us not in depths of night
Ever deny that we have seen the light.
Psychology, beware! this is, of all
Our human states, the least hysterical;
A quiet, where we make deliberate choices
Quite unaccompanied by phantom voices.

Voltaire wrote, "One world at a time!" For once
I'm in accord with that sagacious dunce;
Yet I will not permit one world to smother
My absolute conviction of another.
Perhaps the Universe, like Nature, seeds
Its garden many times beyond its needs.
It may be, as the wise Egyptians taught,
Some are immortal seed, and some are not.
Spirits have privilege of suicide;
I've seen them die before the body died,
The soul cut off from the immortal air
By lust or greed or cynical despair.

But in your heart, no evil thing could enter.
Your being, Randolph, from its radiant center,
Glowed through misfortunes beyond your control
That would have darkened a less manly soul.
I hesitate. In all our mortal days
We never once exchanged a word of praise!
How shy is youth, how strangely reticent,
So long withholding words we always meant!
But take them now, old friend; translate them better
Than earthly phrase affords this random letter.
Now through the mist, the Sunday morning bell
Rings murmurously over Woodstock hill.
Sanctus! the bell intones, and *Sanctus!* I
Deep in my wayward spirit make reply.
Therefore with angels and archangels, all
The company of Heaven lift the pall
From the dead past, and like a sudden shout
Across deep valleys, the bright sun comes out.
Forgive me, Randolph, for old friendship's sake,
That I sit quietly beside the lake.
I smell the incense of the risen morn,
I see the rose crowning the conquered thorn,
And I believe, though absent from the mass,
That glories were, that glories come to pass.

Peyton! farewell from Silliman! God knows,
I'd love to see you though we came to blows.

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On Having a Stomach

by **LIN YUTANG**

ONE OF THE most important consequences of our being animals is that we have got this bottomless pit called the stomach. This fact has colored our entire civilization. The Chinese epicure Li Liweng wrote a complaint about our having this bottomless pit in the prefatory note to the section on food in his book on the general art of living.

> I see that the organs of the human body, the ear, the eye, the nose, the tongue, the hands, the feet, and the body, have all a necessary function, but the two organs which are totally unnecessary but with which we are nevertheless endowed are the mouth and the stomach, which cause all the worry and trouble of mankind throughout the ages. With this mouth and this stomach, the matter of getting a living becomes complicated, and, when the matter of getting a living becomes complicated, we have cunning and falsehood and dishonesty in human affairs. With the coming of cunning and falsehood and dishonesty in human affairs, came the criminal law, so that the king is not able to protect with his mercy, the parents are not able to gratify their love, and even the kind Creator is forced to go against His will. All this comes of a little lack of forethought in His design for the human body at the time of the creation and is the consequence of our having these two organs. The plants can live without a mouth and a stomach, and the rocks and the soil have their being without any nourishment. Why, then, must we be given a mouth and a stomach and endowed with these two extra organs? And, even if we were to be endowed with these organs, He could have made it possible for us to derive our nourishment as the fish and shellfish derive theirs from water and the cricket or cicada from the dew, who all are able to obtain their growth and energy this way and swim or fly or jump or sing. Had it been like this, we should not have to struggle in this life, and the sorrows of mankind would have disappeared. On the other hand, He has not only given us these two organs but has also endowed us with manifold appetites or desires, besides making the pit bottomless, so that it is like a valley or a sea that can never be filled. The consequence is that we labor in our life with all the energy of the other organs, in order to supply inadequately the needs of these organs. I have thought over this matter over and over again and cannot help blaming the Creator for it. I know, of course, that He must have repented of His mistake also but simply feels that nothing can be done about it now, since the design or pattern is already fixed. How important it is for a man to be very careful at the time of the conception of a law or an institution!

WHEN DO WE EAT?

THERE IS certainly nothing to be done about it, now that we have got this bottomless pit to fill, and the fact of our having possessed a stomach has, to say the least, colored the course of human history. With a generous understanding of human nature, Mencius reduced the great desires of human beings to two: alimentation and reproduction or, in simpler terms, food and drink and women. Many men have circumvented sex, but no saint has yet circumvented food and drink. There are ascetics who have learned to live a continent life, but even the most spiritual of men cannot forget about food for more than four or five hours. The most constant refrain of our thought occurring unfailingly every few hours is: *When do I eat?* This occurs at least three times a day and in some cases four or five times. International conferences, in the midst of discussion of the most absorbing and most critical political situations, have to break up for the noon meal. Parliaments have to adjust their schedule of sessions to meal hours. A coronation ceremony that lasts more than five or six hours or conflicts with the midday meal will be immediately denounced as a public nuisance. And (stomach-gifted as we all are) the best arrangement we can think of for coming together to render public homage to a Nobel Prize winner like Thomas Mann is a banquet or a dinner at the Biltmore Hotel.

There is a reason for it. Friends who meet at meals meet at peace. A good chicken soup or a well-done lamb chop has the tendency to assuage the heat of our arguments and tone down the harshness of our conflicting points of view. Put two of the best friends together when they are hungry, and they will invariably end up in a quarrel. The effect of a good meal

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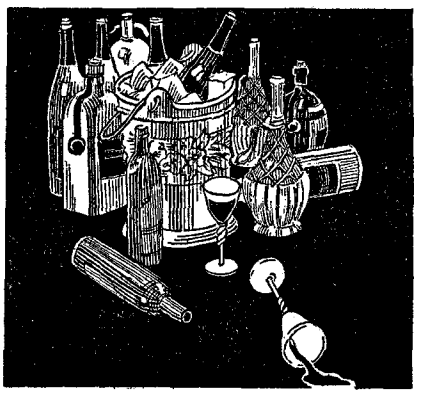
lasts not only a few hours but for weeks and months. We rather hesitate to review unfavorably a book written by somebody who gave us a good dinner three or four months ago.

It is for this reason that, with the deep Chinese insight into human nature, all their quarrels and disputes are settled at dinner tables instead of at the court of justice. (Even in the West, feed the jury well, and the verdict will usually be not guilty.) The pattern of Chinese life is such that we not only settle disputes at dinner, after they have arisen, but also forestall the arising of disputes by the same means. In China, we bribe our way into the good will of everybody by frequent dinners. It is, in fact, the only safe guide to success in politics. Should someone take the trouble of compiling statistical figures, he would be able to find an absolute correlation between the number of dinners a man gives to his friends and the rate or speed of his official promotion.



But, constituted as we all are, how can we react otherwise? I do not think this is peculiarly Chinese. How can an American postmaster general or chief of department decline a private request for a personal favor from some friend at whose home he has eaten five or six good meals? I bet on the Americans' being as human as the Chinese. The only difference is the Americans haven't got insight into human nature or haven't proceeded logically to organize their political life in accordance with it. I guess there is something similar to this Chinese way of life in the American political world too, since I cannot but believe human nature is very much the same and we are all much alike under the skin. Only I don't notice these practices so generally as in China. The only one I have heard of is that of candidates for the mayor's office giving outings for the families in the districts, bribing the mothers by feeding their children with ice cream and soda pop. The inevitable conviction of the people after such a public feeding is that "he's a jolly good fellow."

This is merely another form of the practice of the medieval lords and nobles in Europe who, on the occasion of a wedding or a noble's birthday, gave their tenants a generous feast, with liberal meats and wines. The more liberal the meats and wines, the more popular with the peasants the noble was likely to be. I do not claim a historical tradition or direct connection between the American mayor's practice and that of the medieval baron. The connection is more subtle: both arise from a spontaneous insight into human nature.

Food, Food, Food

So basically influenced are we by this matter of food and drink that revolutions, peace, war, patriotism, international understanding, our daily life, and the whole fabric of human social life are profoundly influenced by it. What was the cause of the French Revolution? Rousseau and Voltaire and Diderot? No, just food. What is the cause of the Russian Revolution and the Soviet experiment? Just food again. As for war, Napoleon showed the essential depth of his wisdom by saying that "an army fights on its stomach." And what is the use of saying, "Peace! peace!" when there is no peace below the diaphragm? This applies to nations as well as individuals. Empires have collapsed, and the most powerful regimes and reigns of terror have broken down when the people were hungry. Men refuse to work, soldiers refuse to fight, prima donnas refuse to sing, senators refuse to debate, and even presidents refuse to rule their countries when they are hungry.

And what does a husband work and sweat in the office the whole day for, except the prospect of a good meal at home? Hence the proverb that the best way to a man's heart is through his stomach. When his flesh is satisfied, his spirit is calmer and more at ease, and he becomes more amorous and appreciative. Wives have complained that husbands don't notice their new dresses, new shoes, new eyebrows, or new covers for chairs. But have wives ever complained that husbands don't notice a good steak or a good omelet? A new eyebrow or a new dress he may not notice, but a good steak he always sees immediately. Why then, therefore, not be sensible and bribe him with one?

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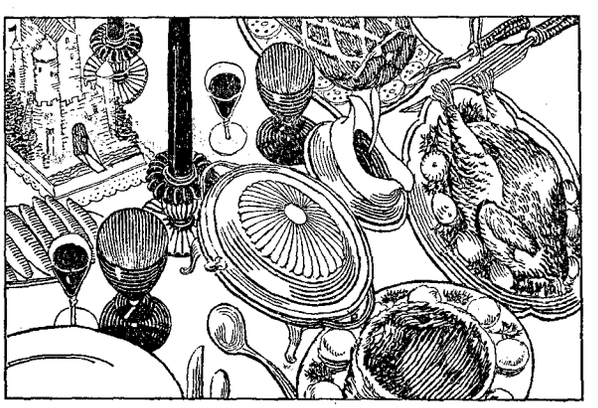
What is patriotism but love of the good things we ate in our childhood? I have said elsewhere that the loyalty to Uncle Sam is the loyalty to doughnuts and ham and sweet potatoes and the loyalty to the German *Vaterland* is the loyalty to *Pfannkuchen* and Christmas *Stollen*. As for international understanding, I feel that macaroni has done more for our appreciation of Italy than Mussolini. It is a pity that, in the minds of at least some people, who are not in favor of the Mussolini regime, what macaroni has done Mussolini has undone for the cause of understanding between Italy and the outside world. That is because in food, as in death, we feel the essential brotherhood of mankind.

How a Chinese spirit glows over a good feast! How apt is he to cry out that life is beautiful when his stomach and his intestines are well filled! From this well-filled stomach suffuses and radiates a happiness that is spiritual. The Chinese relies on instinct, and his instinct tells him that, when the stomach is right, everything is right. That is why I claim for the Chinese a life closer to instinct and a philosophy that makes a more open acknowledgment of it possible. The Chinese idea of a happy state is, as I have noted elsewhere, that of being "warm, well-filled, dark, and sweet"—referring to the condition of going to bed after a good supper. It is with this ideal in mind that a Chinese poet says, "A well-filled stomach is indeed a great thing; all else are luxuries of life."



Western Eaters are Prudes

With this philosophy, therefore, the Chinese have no prudery about food or about eating it with a gusto. When a Chinese drinks a mouthful of good soup, he gives it a hearty smack. Of course, that would be bad table manners in the West. On the other hand, I strongly suspect that Western table manners, compelling us to sip our soup noiselessly and eat our food quietly with the least expression of enjoyment, is the true reason for the arrested development of the art of cuisine. Why do the Westerners talk so softly and look so miserable and decent and respectable at their meals? Most Americans haven't got the good sense to take a chicken drumstick in their hands and chew it clean; instead they continue to pretend to play at it with a knife and fork, feeling utterly miserable and afraid to say a thing about it. This is criminal when the chicken is really good. As for the so-called table manners, I feel sure that the child gets his first initiation into the sorrows of this life when his mother forbids him to smack his lips. Such is human psychology that, if we don't express our joy, we soon cease even to feel it, and then follow dyspepsia, melancholia, neurasthenia, and all the mental ailments peculiar to the adult life. One ought to imitate the French and sigh an *ah!* when the waiter brings up a good veal cutlet and make a sheer animal grunt like *ummm!* after tasting the first mouthful. What shame is there in enjoying one's food, what shame in having a normal, healthy appetite? No, the Chinese are different. They have bad table manners but good enjoyment of a feast.

In fact, I believe the reason why the Chinese failed to develop botany and zoology is that the Chinese scholar cannot stare coldly and unemotionally at a fish without immediately thinking of how it tastes in the mouth and wanting to eat it up. The reason I don't trust Chinese surgeons is that I am afraid that, when a Chinese surgeon cuts up my liver in search of a gallstone, he may forget about the stone and put my liver in a frying pan. For I see a Chinese cannot look at a porcupine without immediately thinking of ways and means of cooking and eating its flesh without being poisoned. Not to be poisoned is for the Chinese the only practical, important aspect of the matter. The taste of the porcupine meat is supremely important, if it should add one more flavor known to our palate. The bristles of the porcupine don't interest us. How they arose, what is their function, and how they are connected with the porcupine's skin and endowed with the power of sticking up at the sight of an enemy are

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questions that seem to the Chinese eminently idle. And so with all the animals and plants the proper point of view is how we humans can enjoy them and not what they are in themselves. The song of the bird, the color of the flower, the petals of the orchid, the texture of chicken meat are the things that concern us. The East has to learn from the West the entire science of botany and zoology, but the West has to learn from the East how to enjoy the flowers and the fishes, birds, and animals and to get a full appreciation of the contours and gestures of different trees and associate them with different moods or feelings.

No Food Libidos

Food, then, is one of the very few solid joys of human life. It is a happy fact that this instinct of hunger is less hedged about with taboos and a social code than the other instinct of sex and that, generally speaking, no question of morality arises in connection with food. There is much less prudery about food than there is about sex. It is a happy condition of affairs that philosophers, poets, merchants, and artists can join together at a dinner and without a blush perform the function of feeding themselves in open public — although certain savage tribes are known to have developed a sense of modesty about food and eat only when they are individually alone. The problem of sex will come in for consideration later, but here at least is an instinct which, because less hampered, produces fewer forms of perversity and insanity and criminal behavior. This difference between the instinct of hunger and the instinct of sex in their social implications is quite natural. But the fact remains that here is one instinct which does not complicate our psychological life but is a pure boon to humanity.

The reason is that it is the one instinct about which humanity itself is pretty frank. Because there is no problem of modesty here, there is no psychosis, neurosis, or perversity connected with it. There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, but, once food gets beyond the lips, there is comparatively little sidetracking. It is freely admitted that everybody must have food, which is not the case with the sexual instinct. And, being gratified, it leads to no trouble. At the worst, some people eat their way into dyspepsia or an ulcered stomach or a hardened liver, and a few dig their graves with their own teeth — there are cases of Chinese dignitaries among my contemporaries who do this — but, even then, they are not ashamed of it.

For the same reason, fewer social crimes arise from food than from sex. The criminal code has comparatively little to do with the sins of illegal, immoral, and faithless eating, while it has a large section on adultery, divorce, and assaults on women. At the worst, husbands may ransack the icebox, but we seldom hang a man for spiking a Frigidaire. Should such a case ever be brought up, the judge will be found to be full of compassion. The frank admission of the necessity of every man's feeding himself makes this possible. Our hearts go out to people in famine but not to the cloistered nuns.

This speculation is far from being idle, because there is little public ignorance about the subject of food, as compared with public ignorance on the subject of sex, which is appalling. There are Manchu families which instruct their daughters in the art of love as well as in the art of cooking before their marriage, but how much of this is being done elsewhere in the world? The subject of food enjoys the sunshine of knowledge, but sex is still surrounded with fairy tales, myths, and superstitions. There is sunshine about the subject of food but very little sunshine about the subject of sex.

On the other hand, it is highly unfortunate that we haven't got a gizzard or a crop or a maw. In that case, human society would be altered beyond recognition; in fact, we should have an altogether different race of men. A human race endowed with gullets or gizzards would be found to have the most peaceful, contented, and sweet nature, like the chickens or lambs. We might grow a beak, which might alter our sense of beauty, or we might merely do with rodent teeth. Seeds and fruits might be sufficient, or we might pasture on the green hillsides, and nature is so abundant that, because we should not have to fight for our food and dig our teeth into the flesh of our defeated enemy, we should not be the terrible warlike creatures that we are today.

There is a closer relation between food and temperament — in nature's terms — than we thought. All herbivorous animals are peaceful by nature: the lamb, the horse, the cow, the elephant, the sparrow, etc. All carnivorous

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animals are fighters: the wolf, the lion, the tiger, the hawk, etc. Had we been an herbivorous race, our nature would certainly be more elephantine. Nature does not produce a pugnacious temperament where no fighting is needed. Cocks still fight with each other, but they fight not about food but about women. There would still be a little fighting of this sort among the males in human society, but it would be vastly different from this fighting for the privilege of exporting canned goods that we see in present-day Europe.

I do not know about monkeys' eating monkeys, but I do know about men's eating men, for certainly all evidences of anthropology point to a pretty universal practice of cannibalism. That was our carnivorous ancestry. Is it therefore any wonder that we are still eating each other in more senses than one — individually, socially, and internationally? There is this much to be said for the cannibals, that they are sensible about this matter of killing. Conceding that killing is an undesirable but unavoidable evil, they proceed to get something out of it by eating the delicious sirloins, ribs, and livers of their dead enemies. The difference between cannibals and civilized men seems to be that cannibals kill their enemies and eat them, while civilized men kill each other and bury the bodies, put crosses over them, and offer up prayers for the souls. God our Father might be so angry with us that he might say: "Ye unrepentant thick-skulled creatures! Never mind the souls, but why don't you eat their bodies since you have killed them?" Thus we add stupidity to conceit and a bad temper.

Gizzard Temperaments

I QUITE REALIZE that we are on the road to perfection, which means that we are excusably imperfect at present. That, I think, is what we are. Not until we develop a gizzard temper can we call ourselves truly civilized. I see in the present generation of men both carnivorous and herbivorous animals — those who have sweet tempers and those who have not. The herbivorous men go their way through life minding their own business, while the carnivorous men make their living by minding that of others. If I abjured politics ten years ago, after having had a foretaste of it during four months, it was because I early made the discovery that I was not by nature a carnivorous animal, although I enjoy a good steak. Half the world spends its time doing things, and half the world spends its time making others do things for it or making it impossible for others to do anything. The characteristic of the carnivorous is a certain sheer delight in pugilism, logrolling, wirepulling and in double-crossing, outwitting, and forestalling the enemy, all done with a genuine interest and real ability, for which, however, I confess I fail to have the slightest appreciation. (May I confess that I really despise this type?)

But it is all a matter of instinct; men born with this pugilistic instinct seem to enjoy it, revel in it, while real creative ability, ability in doing their own jobs or knowing their own subjects, seems at the same time to be usually underdeveloped in them. How many good, quiet, herbivorous professors are totally lacking in rapacity and the ability to get ahead in comparison with others, and yet how I truly admire them! In fact I may essay the opinion that all the world's creative artists are vastly better at minding their own business than minding that of others and are therefore of the herbivorous species. True evolution of mankind consists in the multiplication of the herbivorous Homo sapiens over against the carnivorous variety. For the moment, however, the carnivorous must still be our rulers. That must be so in a world believing in strong muscles.

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The Corn Maiden

by **HANIEL LONG**

ONE OF MY neighbors, a Mexican farmer, has a good field of corn this September. The stalks are eight or ten feet high, and the plumes and long, slender, pointed leaves of blue-green stir in the breeze with the motion the Pueblo Indians imitate in their corn dances. I pass this field daily, and the corn exerts the same fascination on me it did as a child. The Zuni saying, "Love and cherish your corn as you love and cherish your women," I can respond to and understand, in a way, although so to love and cherish my potatoes or my tomatoes would seem absurd to me.

This feeling of mine for corn may or may not be part of the "mysterious Indianisation of the American people" of which Dr. Jung speaks, rather startlingly, in his essay, *Mind and the Earth;* but there is no doubt that, to the Indian, corn is "the seed of seeds" and nothing compares to it in importance or in appeal to the imagination. At the pueblo of Santa Clara the Indians sweep the plaza before the corn is fetched home from harvest, "because corn is just the same as people and must have the plaza clean." And I am told that the Pueblo peoples do not plant corn as they plant other crops; it must be planted by all the men together and harvested in the same fashion. Indian mythologies are full of the need of "watching, beseeching, and caring for the corn flesh" (another Zuni phrase), and since he took up corn cultivation the white man has learned that the red man is not at all foolish in this solicitude of his.

CORN IS TOUGH

OF THE cereals, corn is the most dependent on man for its existence. Without him, it perishes. Another thing: frost is fatal to any or all of its species; but for this tenderness it is compensated by owning a more elastic nature than other grains, and it will grow at high as well as at low altitudes and in dry as well as moist climates. Farm books will tell you that this tropical plant requires rich black soil and will use any amount of manuring. Nonetheless, in New Mexico, a State not singled out by Providence for agriculture, corn is the most important crop, and nothing does better on unleveled lands or in alkaline or light soils. While it does not yield as much there as it is capable of yielding, it accommodates itself to the sandy or arid places unfitted for anything other than sorghums or beans.

As is proper with a plant that is no individualist and thrives only so long as it receives the favor of man, corn indulges certain peculiarities, which even farm children know. It will not tolerate self-fertilization; its ears may have eight or ten or more rows of kernels but only an even number; it has two kinds of flowers, the male bearing stamens and forming the tassel, the female bearing the pistils and constituting the silk; and there is a silk for every kernel. Its elasticity is shown by its 500 named varieties. Certain Mexican kinds reach a height of fifteen feet, while Tom Thumb popcorn rests at three feet or under.

Two thirds of America's farmers grew corn in 1925, producing 2,000,000,000 bushels worth $2,000,000,000. Hay was the only other crop grown by more than one third of the farmers. And of course corn is the most important single source of human food in the United States, though indirectly — because nearly all the crop goes to hogs, cattle, horses, and poultry. Four fifths of our corn are a stock food on the farm that produces it; nothing indicates better what a stable and unthought-of form of wealth it is. In the world diet, rice feeds more people;

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but, since the government chemists, following the Indian, began to "watch, beseech, and care for the corn flesh," corn is yielding a number of allied products which with rice would be unthinkable.

For the stock there are bran, ensilage, fodder, gluten feed and meal, and oil cake: items of first importance. Corn not exhausted on the farm (about thirteen per cent of the crop) goes into manufacture, in which corn-meal mills come first and starch factories second. Whoever licks a postage stamp licks dextrin, a corn product. We get from corn also oleomargerine, sugar, cooking and salad oils, liniment, oilcloth, and sizing. Add to this strange list cosmetics, fireworks, ink, leather dressing and tanning supplies, and one can see how corn rewards its friends when they are earnest and studious.

Its coming benefits for man may be foreshadowed by certain facts, such as that 100 pounds of cornstalks can produce one gallon of industrial alcohol or slightly more — but not now at a price to compete with gasoline. The same is true of paper made from stalks and husks; it cannot today be produced in competition with wood-pulp paper.

Indian corn is grown more and more in favorable places throughout the world. In the United States (1929), only Iowa and Illinois produce more corn than does Argentina, while Rumania surpasses Nebraska and Russia surpasses Ohio, Minnesota, and Kansas. Mexico, Hungary, India, and Egypt produce about the same amount apiece as Texas. Such comparisons may appear odd, but the figures of corn production in States of the corn belt are staggering: those States are whole continents of self-sufficiency.

Worship of the Corn Maiden

So we have reason to thank the Indian not only for the corn but for a certain unflagging interest as regards it which his conduct suggests. In worshiping the deities of the maize, the Aztec or Inca, like the Pueblo Indian today, acted as though he dealt with a mysterious and exacting principle. At Zuni, for example, the corn ceremonies pantomime the evolution of corn from the other grasses; the Rain Youth and each Dew Maiden clasp between them the tasseled wild grass and lift it higher and higher, till their prayer and effort change it into corn. To the Zuni Indian, in this age-long embrace man has given to the corn something of the semblance of his body, and even his fingerprints can be seen at the joints of the stalk. The deities of the cotton, the tomato, the potato, and the chocolate (other considerable gifts of Indian agriculture to the world) are not notably difficile; to an extent the crops will take care of themselves. But the Corn Maiden exacts attention from those who desire her bounty. One must cultivate her assiduously and one must plant her in double rows. She is the last word in the co-operative spirit.

Maize and Teosinte

Where did she come from? Heaven only knows. And there now enters into the story a wild grass called teosinte (teocentli), which flourishes on the mesas of middle America. This teosinte has two varieties, and they are the only wild relatives of the maize closely enough related to interbreed freely with her. One of them, the annual teosinte, is a hybrid which grows in cultivated land. As a matter of fact, it occurs as a weed in cornfields or near such fields, so there is a question just how wild it is. But neither variety can be used as food; the grains are few, are hidden in horny chaff, and have to be pried from a woody rachis that resembles a string of wooden beads. If the Guatemalans or Mexicans bred the maize from this singular plant, they surpassed in skill in gardening all primitive peoples as well as all modern botanists, for our experiments with teosinte appear to get us nowhere. And, to assume that maize was derived from teosinte, one must assume too that teosinte was a cultivated plant. It is hard to believe that it is or ever was of use to man, except for forage, and the early Mexicans had no animals which required forage.

On the other hand, it is hard to believe that maize came into existence independently of teosinte. For one thing, it would have taken an unconscionable length of time — 20,000 years would hardly have done it — and ethnologists do not find the idea restful. Did it then arise as a mutation or sport? There are those with unbounded faith in the possibilities of mutation; and it is true that sudden changes in the germ plasm, accompanied by corresponding morphological changes, some of them equal to

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what would be in question to transmute a wild plant into maize, are known in the history of this cereal. But Mr. G. N. Collins, a government expert, finds a serious objection in the complete series of intermediate forms produced when maize is crossed with Euchlaena (annual teosinte):

> I can recall no mutation or heritable sport that does not behave more or less as a unit when crossed with the stock from which it sprang. No series of intermediate forms is produced. In this case we have forms more nearly resembling a back cross between a hybrid of diverse ancestry and one of parental lines.

Then there is the hybrid theory of the origin of maize. It would of course be possible to admit a common ancestor of teosinte and maize without assuming that these lines have remained distinct since their original divergence. But here too is an obstacle, in the fact that up to the present it has not been possible to hybridize maize or teosinte with any member of the Andropogoneae, to which sorghum belongs. In fact, long before one has gone into all the hypotheses, one is inclined to wish that teosinte had become extinct before the era of botanical investigation. Mr. Collins concludes that perhaps maize came into being by the hybridization of the teosinte with some other ancestor as yet unrecognized — the natural supposition being that it was a more promising food plant than teosinte and perhaps was under cultivation, with teosinte nearby.

When did this happen, if it did happen? Dated monuments bear witness to man's presence in America back to the time of Christ. Ears of corn left by the Basketmakers of the Southwest, and those in prehistoric caves of South America, prove that maize was domesticated and the worship of the corn under full swing at a much earlier date. Anthropologists have been unwilling to extend man's career in America very far back, comparatively speaking; and something disturbing to them occurred when the late Dr. Knowlton in 1919 produced a fossil ear of corn. This famous ear had been obtained in 1914 by Dr. W. F. Parks from a curio dealer in Cuzco, Peru, and he sent it to the national museum. Until then Darwin's discovery of heads of maize mixed with marine shells and earth on an island near Callao, Peru, was the oldest evidence of maize. Dr. Knowlton said that his ear, which he called Zea antiqua, was "hardly likely to be younger than at least several thousand years." To Mr. Collins it appeared that here was a chance to push back the question of the origin of maize from prehistoric to geologic times.

Fake Fossil

But Dr. Roland W. Brown of the U. S. Geological Survey had for some time been quietly nourishing suspicions of Zea antiqua. For one thing it *rattled* when you shook it. So in 1934 he seized an opportunity to have the fossil ear sectioned. Instead of being a fossil, it turned out to be a "very cleverly hand-made, low-fired clay copy of an ear of Peruvian maize." Within it was a cavity containing three clay pellets. The question of the cavity, the pellets, and the rattle, along with the question of the ear itself and why, where, and when it was made, was thus taken away from the botanists and referred again to the ethnologists.

Maize has had a remarkable longevity, in any case. The Indian corn found by the first explorers was practically what we have now. Remains of ears in prehistoric caves duplicate present varieties. Its early cultivators must have been wizards, for the improvement in maize since the discovery of America is negligible.

In the meanwhile, the fellah of Egypt uses the green stalks of corn for his cattle, the ears and meal for himself, and the dried stalks for his buildings; great cornfields sway in the wind in the northwestern part of the Iberian peninsula, in southwestern France, in northern Italy, and along the lower Danube. And, in the United States, its acreage, production, and value far exceed that of wheat and oats combined. The corn belt is one of the world's wonders.

Golden Corn

It is true that the Mayan and Aztec civilizations were very "wealthy" and produced ingots of gold and silver by the boatload; but what really rendered them stable was their maize. The first Europeans had their eye on the ingots; some of the survivors of those terrific expeditions of conquistadors did fairly well for themselves, and the expeditions did very well indeed, in a temporary fashion, for His Catholic Majesty; but Spain's dream of untold wealth across the water actually came true in a cereal called Zea mays.

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The Artist's Point of View

Some Evidence of Our Personal and National Divorce from Creative Art

LAST MONTH I presented positive evidence of a certain using of our inherent creative art powers. This month I submit the reverse — negative data on our voluminous failures to use color, space, and form creatively to enhance the joy of living. Here are a few examples.

Tombstones. Even in death we lose the grand chance to use a personal creation in enduring granite as a memorial to a loved one. Instead we spend huge sums on hard, impersonal, mechanized, and commercialized products of the tombstone business. Contrast these expensive nonentities with the simple, dignified, round-top slabs of the older cemeteries or with the creations of artists — if you can find them.

The insensitiveness to quality which tolerates lack of art in tombstones is the result of a peculiar blindness to the actual appearance of things. People would not leave litter in parks or country beauty spots; they would not dump garbage into harbors; the summer hotels and private homes of Gloucester and Bass Rocks would not run sewer pipes across their own bathing beaches — if they *saw* what they were doing. We see the practical aspects of things but are blind to other visual aspects.

Copied architecture. The Greek-temple Supreme Court Building with the shrieking discord *to its own style* of naturalistic sculptures in its pediments; the various pilferings from other cultures perpetrated by the architect George Russell Pope in his Roosevelt Memorial at the Museum of Natural History in New York, in the accepted design for the Mellon National Gallery, and in the proposed (it can still be stopped) Jefferson Memorial in Washington; Abe Lincoln's Greek-temple tomb; the copy of the Parthenon at Nashville, Tennessee; the Gothic-cathedral churches and office and college buildings; the imported English castles of our landed aristocracy (Hearst et al.) — all these testify to our aesthetic blindness to incongruities, to our childish fear of and pathetic escape from the responsibility of being ourselves and creating our own architectural style to meet all contemporary needs.

Antique furnishings. All antique styles transplanted from their own time and place and used as settings for contemporary living are certificates of visual cataract, aesthetic fear, and undignified retreat. The fact that we submit to the exploitation of our aesthetic weakness by profit-motivated business in manufacture and retailing and in a subservient daily and monthly press is part of the unhappy picture. Why do people with money allow the Tiffanys, the W. & J. Sloanes, the Marshall Fields of the country — all business institutions — to sell them out in art? They, the purchasers, are *lords* of *creation;* they can dictate creative terms if they will. The customary surrender adds nothing to the dignity or achievements of our nation.

Paisley-shawl designs in modern women's dresses or beach pajamas; brick walls painted red with hard, mechanical white lines ruled to imitate mortar; tourist-camp cottages in the country in tight, straight rows in "clearings" with every tree and bush cut out; cream or tan color schemes in rooms; making or buying pictures which are no more than replicas of the beauty of nature; slums or superslums in city housing (as against the new government-subsidized housing projects); all failures to provide sufficient parks or human refuges in the growing Jungle of Private Property: Keep Off beauty spots; all failures to promote social-conscious legislation to nourish the better life — these prove the divorce.

The art of living includes the application of our native creative powers to the control of things about us for a keener visual enjoyment.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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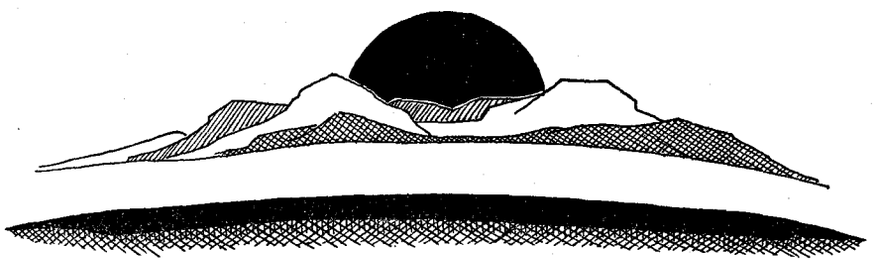
Astrology's Function

The exceptional interest manifested by readers in* THE FORUM'S *debate for August ("Can We Believe Astrology," by Dane Rudhyar and William Marias Malisoff) and the unusual merit of the two papers presented herewith have influenced the editors to pursue the unaccustomed course of publishing two debates on the same subject within three months. It should be noted, in passing, that Mr. O'Neill and Miss Grebene are not "debating" in the strict sense, since neither read the other's article before publication and they do not come directly to grips on numerous points.



I—Solar Influence

by **JOHN J. O'NEILL**

ASTROLOGY received very inadequate treatment in THE FORUM'S August-issue debate. Astrologer Dane Rudhyar meandered in the mazes of mysticism with a mass of meaningless words and phrases. The editor of *Philosophy of Science*, William M. Malisoff, trailed into the morass and seemed willing to waste energetic cuts at the specter which Rudhyar presented.

Too bad both of them could not have been more careful about the few facts which they included in their discussions. The astrological publication with the largest circulation in the United States has a circulation of 160,000 copies per month and not 500,000, as Rudhyar boasts.* Malisoff charges an expenditure of $200,000,000 a year on astrology. The figure is at least 40 times too large, according to a careful survey I made.

Rudhyar's effort to give his astrology a scientific complexion was ineffectual, and was foredoomed to failure because it was builded on purely dogmatic foundations. The astrologers have not a shred of adequate scientific evidence to support any of their claims. They have nothing but tradition supported only by inadequately tested coincidences. The attitude of astrologers toward their art or practice is entirely uncritical and thoroughly unscientific. Rudhyar mistakes the use of technical terms for the scientific method So do all the other astrologers I have met.

Malisoff's presentation is enthusiastically condemnatory, but he is not an iota more scientific than Rudhyar nor does he show evidence of the well-balanced critical judgment of the philosopher. Had he functioned as a philosopher and scientist, he would have stated truthfully and frankly that the claims of the astrologers have never been vindicated or discredited because no adequate scientific investigation of them has ever been made. In the absence of adequate evidence no scientist will, in that capacity, pass judgment.

II

WHEN MALISOFF offers the handful of cases in the Bobertag experiment as an adequate test of the claims of astrology, he demonstrates a total lack of comprehension of the problem. Merely for purposes of comparison, let me state that a dozen years ago I tried to interest the late Evangeline Adams, a leading astrologer, in establishing a research foundation in astrology in some university and raising $10,000 a year to support it. I proposed that its *preliminary* program consist of a rigorous examination of 100,000 biographies and the horoscopes cast for those individuals. She agreed in principle but died before the project reached definite shape.

My interest does not lie with astrology. I was interested in a piece of purely biological research and made this very clear to Evangeline Adams. I could use the statistics for my purpose. I wanted to make a mass study of the effects on the individual of his environment.

The most important effect of environment is imposed on us before we are born — during the period of gestation. Individuals are in their most plastic state during the early months of uterine life. It is my hypothesis that the environmental conditions during the period of gestation are far more influential in affecting us during our postnatal existence than any other experiences we pass through after birth.

In the normal course of our lives we are subjected to changing seasonal conditions. In the summertime we receive an abundance of sunlight, which stimulates the endocrine gland system; more ultraviolet light, which gives us additional supplies of vitamin D favorably affecting our bones; more of other vitamins in fresh food supplies. We live in a higher than average temperature, which affects the salts in the body fluids. In short, we live under vastly differing conditions, external and internal, in the summer and in the winter, in the spring and in the fall.

The conditions in the body of a woman vary within a wide range in the course of a year. If she becomes pregnant in the summer, the child she carries in her womb is going to live in an environment different from that which would be present if she became pregnant in the early winter. I wanted to ascertain the effect on the offspring of this variation in the conditions in the mother.

So many factors are involved that the data in the individual case is valueless. Cases must be studied in vast numbers

* EDITOR'S NOTE:— *Mr. Rudhyar's statement, that the magazine in question is read by more than half a million persons, was inadvertently changed, without his knowledge, to make that figure its circulation, which it is not.*

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in order to smooth out the variations owing to minor factors. I am fully cognizant of the inheritance factor involved and am giving full recognition to the genetical phases of the problem.

Individuals born in October pass their prenatal life under the same average variations that are owing to seasonal causes. How do the later lives of these individuals compare with the lives of those born in February, when the variations were in the opposite direction? The distribution throughout the year of the birthdays of famous or successful people and also the mentally and physically unsuccessful supplies a variable that can be correlated with the variations owing to seasonal changes in the uterine environment.

III

I STARTED to assemble the necessary statistics some years ago, with the aid of my daughter, Peggy O'Neill, who did most of the routine work. A detailed analysis was made of two groups, of 5,000 each, of men and women listed in *Who's Who*, and she is now engaged in assembling the data on 5,000 leading scientists. In order to obtain the base line of the normal distribution of births, as a standard of comparison, we assembled data on 17,000,000 births in the general population.

About two years ago a group of astronomers and astrologers became interested in the work and organized the American Astrological Association, to extend the researches. Under the direction of Carl Payne Tobey they have analyzed 30,000 men and women listed in *Who's Who*, 27,000 physicians, and 10,000 corporation executives and have other groups on their program.

I have discussed the work with leading astronomers, geneticists, biologists, and statisticians. They have commended the plan, have stated that the methods are entirely scientific, and have aided me in many ways by criticisms and suggestions and by setting up standards for significance in the mathematical treatment of the results.

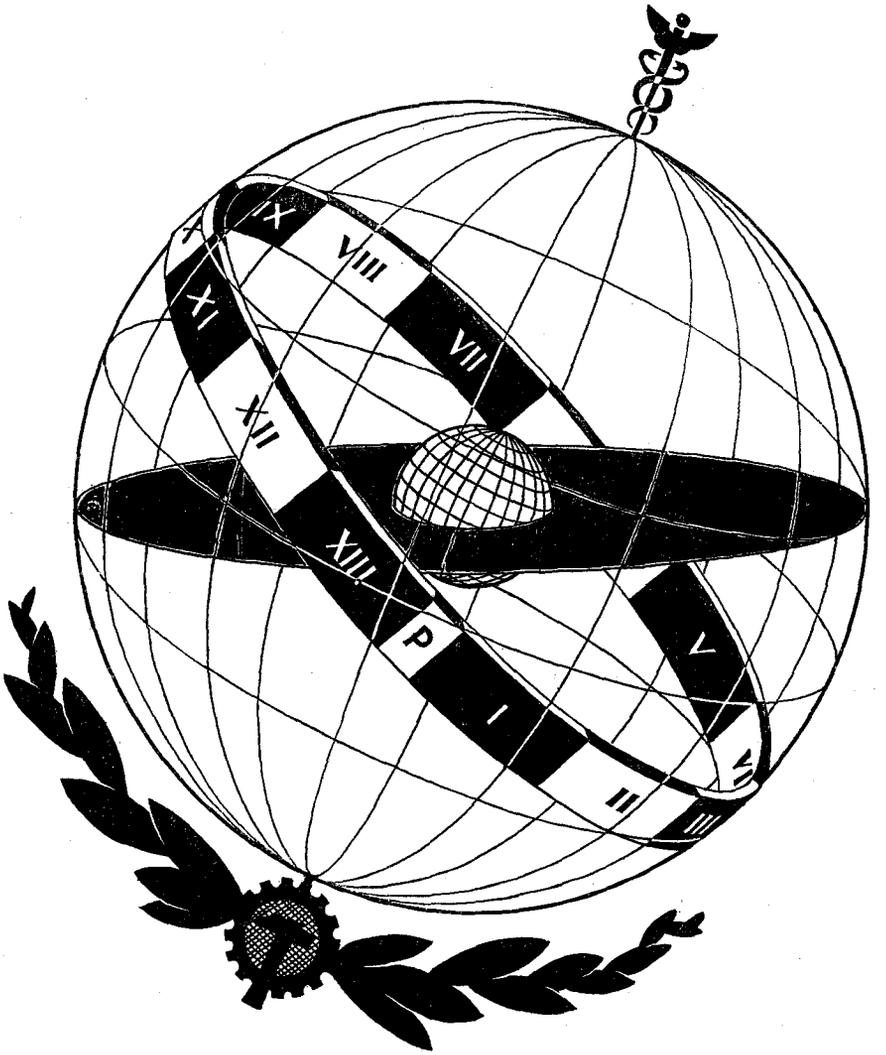
Results thus far attained indicate that the month of birth is a factor of primary importance in influencing the outcome of an individual life. It is, probably, a factor which exerts a determining influence on the extent to which genetical factors, not otherwise controlled, may become effective in an individual.

It now seems quite certain that the further extension of this inquiry will lead to a program of scientific birth control which will permit the human race to determine its own composition as a whole and which will provide powerful influences which can be controlled in the individual case. It will lead to the development of nutritional and medical techniques which will enable man to become, in literal truth, master of his own destiny.

It is possible to carry on this inquiry today because statistical data, mathematical devices, biological knowledge, and other facilities are available and because we have the scientific method highly developed for safe guidance. The purpose of this inquiry does not differ essentially from the purpose of the original astrologers in the Euphrates valley 5,000 years ago. Their facilities were inadequate, and progress was therefore very slow. Their method was undoubtedly the assembling of a large number of individual horoscopes for study and statistical treatment, so that hypotheses could be tested and laws formulated. When the army of Alexander the Great appropriated astrology the characteristic Greek lack of imagination sterilized the science by mistaking the means for the end. The casting of horoscopes continued, but the statistical treatment of results ceased. The astrologers, as a result, lack all proof (except scattered coincidence) of the claims they make for their art. Such is the case today. This does not mean, however, that there is no truth in their claims. Truth may be in them, but it is not proven.

IV

IN CONCLUSION I should say that the most satisfactory answer to the question, "Can we accept astrology?" is: We can accept astrology for just what it is. If anyone places too high a value on its findings, he is making exactly the same mistake as the astrologers themselves. Its present retarded position is an indictment of our scientists. They are guilty of misguided neglect. If astrology is scientifically developed, it has vast possibilities of usefulness and may prove one of the most valuable devices available to us for enhancing human welfare. The position of the sun, in whatever way we state it — whether by month, season, degrees, or houses of the zodiac — is an index of conditions which have affected the individual in the gestation period, as well as throughout his life. I suspect the influences of the moon and the planets will be found to be infini-



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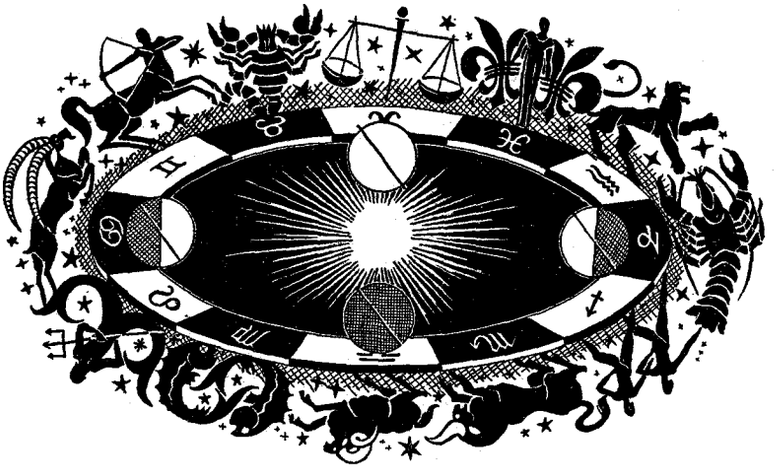
tesimal compared to that of the sun but, since I am not omniscient and therefore do not know all the agencies that may be operating in the universe and affecting our lives, I should be totally insincere and unscientific if I either denied or affirmed that planetary influences are effective. Astrology has a brilliant future ahead of it, but this much is certain — it will be radically different from horoscope casting and interpreting as practiced today.



II—Practitioners of Science

by LUCILE GREBENC

I MUST STATE at the outset that I hold no brief for either astrology or science. The unfortunate thing about astrology is that it ever wished to be incorporated in the body of science, since it might fit so much better into another classification. The unfortunate thing about science is that it has so many practitioners and so few scientists.

As I understand Mr. Rudhyar, he is suggesting that astrology may serve as a tool to be used for a better understanding of oneself and he makes it clear that the popular prejudice about it as a form of soothsaying should be abandoned. From this point of view astrology becomes not a science but an approach to a philosophy of life. Philosophy attempts to fit man into the scheme of things, and he thus finds himself.

As I understand Mr. Malisoff, he still leans to the view that astrology is a form of fortunetelling, encouraging a belief in one's "star," and brings examples to point his contention. I doubt whether his example of a "thoroughly scientific" test of astrology by Otto Bobertag would itself stand the test as a test in a scientific laboratory. To give a number of astrologers a list of dates of persons wholly unknown to them and ask them to interpret them is on a par with bringing a number of physicians to a bedside and saying, "Here is a man named John Doe. You don't know his past history or where he comes from or what he does. He says he's sick. Now you tell me what's wrong with him." A group of consultants will not agree even when they have all the facts in the case and will absolutely refuse to comment if they don't have the facts. This is true in any field. I can't even get a mechanic to tell me why my car won't run until I first answer a great many questions. A scientist may not know exactly what is ahead of him, but he certainly knows what is past.

II

AS I SAID before, the trouble with science is that it has too few scientists. The world is overrun with mechanics who know all the motions but who lack the qualities that make the real scientist — the man whose contribution the mechanic operates or belabors. The attitude of people dabbling in science is one of ridiculous superiority toward anything else, whether this be ill-founded astrology or well-founded philosophy, that is, anything to which they cannot apply a rule of thumb. Or their attitude takes the form of an offensive discourtesy toward anyone who ventures to question the merit of so much science.

The practitioners of science are fond of casting aspersions at the mystic and mysticism, yet, aside from contributions to pure letters, there has never been a really great scientist who did not have a strain of the mystic in him. He would not have had the vision of his conception had he not possessed it. The practitioner rejects the philosopher; the mystical scientist is, thank God, beyond his reach. It is not the pathfinders, whatever the field of endeavor, who scoff at any attempt to arrive at truth. It was Professor Macdougall who encouraged investigation into mental telepathy, yet until then "mind reading" was ranked with spiritualism. It is no wonder that fakes abound where there is no real study and no control. Fakes abounded in the practice of medicine until the American Medical Association undertook to clean up its Augean stable. There are fakes remaining but in lesser numbers. Mr. Malisoff mentions a few of the quacks in medicine, but he fails to mention the countless measures that were once "quackery" and that have been rescued

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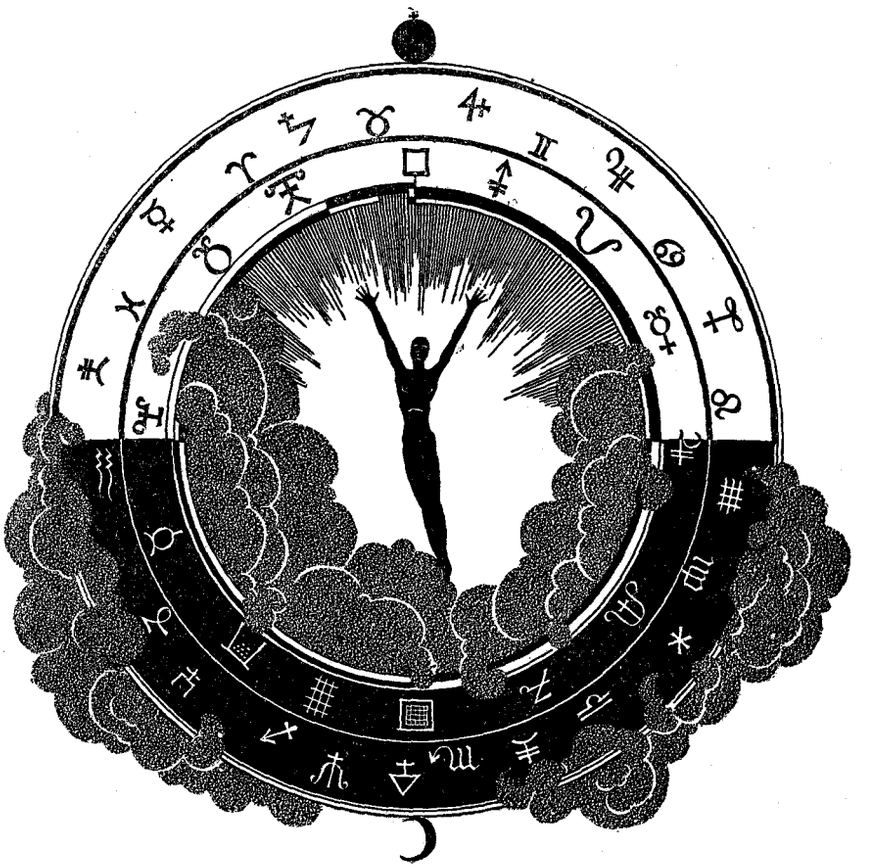
and are now employed in the service of humanity — among them being hypnotism, galvanism, and (not least) psychiatry. Yet even now, so hidebound is the academic mind, the conservative physician fights off short-wave diathermy while he recommends diathermy (long-wave), which in turn he considered a fake not so long ago. He lives to eat his own scorn but he doesn't notice it.

A short while ago I heard a man discoursing on the "limits of reason." He said that nothing that could not be folded within these sacred limits was valid. He did not define the limits of reason or the limits of the academic mind. No discovery has ever been made by one who set limits to thought, and the limits of reason of Newton did not at all coincide with the limits of his contemporaries. History is bolstered with such examples. Even today there are some overconfident practitioners of science who will set limits to what we may yet expect. But we cannot set such limits because our own powers are limited. There are wave lengths of light, of sound which we cannot perceive. How can anyone have the overweening confidence to say that, just because we cannot imagine a thing, therefore it cannot exist?

The practitioner of science, nevertheless, insists that a thing that cannot be measured or explained by him cannot exist or is only a fanciful form of play. He therefore looks with supercilious tolerance on the philosopher who "only thinks," and, as for psychology and psychiatry, these to him are a sublimated form of quackery. Yet in these fields of unmeasurable qualities lies the future of our welfare. Man today stands more in need of *knowing himself as a creature with volition, cognition, and spiritual resources* than of more labor-saving devices or noise makers or instruments of destruction. After the mania of science has passed, as it will, there will yet remain with us the problem of solving the *human equation.* It will be solved not by those who see only in graphs and numbers but by those who possess the scorned faculties — *intuition, perception, awareness,* and *open-mindedness.*

In the city I am surrounded by all the appliances that a great medical center can bring to the treatment of disease. In the country I have a country doctor, one of those who not only know their business but who also know their people. I asked him once how he managed to get along without all the appurtenances of science, without all the blood counts, blood chemistries, spinal taps and biopsies and cultures considered indispensable in the modern city hospital. He replied, "A man don't need those things half as much as those fellows think he does. A man just needs to use his mind more." The fact is that the best doctor, wherever he practices, is the one with the gifts of common sense, perception, and intuition, though these faculties be beyond the science practitioner's yardstick. It is these faculties that help him to a diagnosis before it is substantiated by test tube or slide. It is these faculties that make a Jeans and an Einstein and a few others.



III

WHAT ASTROLOGY needs is not scientists but another Macdougall, a man whose standing will automatically draw the teeth of ridicule and criticism and whose moral support will promote genuine investigation by those properly qualified and keep the yapping hounds of prejudice off its heels and the parasitic charlatans out of its hair. This will come, and it will settle once for all whether or not there is something in the core of that mound piled up by fakes, ill-balanced mentalities, and the prejudice of robots — something that can be salvaged to be used as a tool in the service of humanity, perhaps as a form of approach to a personal philosophy or to an understanding of oneself. So hypnotism was rescued, and materia medica fished out of the unholy mess stewing in the witch's cauldron, and chemistry snatched from alchemy. The egomaniacs brought up by Mr. Malisoff as an example of the horrors that might be expected from a popularized astrology make just another scarehead to which we are becoming immune in this day of journalism. Egomaniacs are not a product of our time. They are as old as human progress. I'm not so sure that the first ape man who decided to be different and who stood up and walked alone on his hind legs was not an egomaniac. Certainly world conquerors always have been. It is commonly conceded that genius is aberration in some form. When it is too destructive, it gets shut up in asylums — though it should be remembered that there have been times when insanity sat in the seats of the mighty.

To those of us, the Alices living in a strange world, who find ourselves swept down by the irate and vigorous card scientists, especially the knaves, nothing could be more apt than a dolorous paraphrase of Wordsworth:

Science is too much with us; late and soon,
Hearing and talking, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

President, Poetry Society of America

THERE is a steady rise in the general urge to express personal emotions in rhythms and rhymes, instead of in prose or on the piano, and to give them public record in print. Summer courses at the colleges are devoted to contemporary verse, newspaper columns give more space to it, and the radio adds recitations to its program under the leadership of a New York poet, A. M. Sullivan. As in past ages the poets idealized our pastoral and agricultural labors and made them endurable and ennobled even war, so the poets of today are helpful in casting spells over the din of applied science and the drab monotony of business. In a recent issue of *Dun's Review*, Mr. Sullivan contributes a candid article, entitled "Horsepower and Pegasus," which proves that American poets are cheering steel and machinery into the service of beauty. As Harriet Monroe expressed it, "Light is the tread of brazen-footed power." Among the poets who are turning the sterner stuff of the factories into dream patterns are Sandburg, Black, Hill, Wagner, Taggard, Underwood, Wheelock, Andrews, Holden, Stephen Benét, and Lawrence.

Henry Harrison, poetry publisher, is continually speeding up his generous presses. His magazine, *Poetry World*, affords another easy access for writers of criticism and verse who have not yet won fame. "It is not the old reputation," writes Mr. Harrison, "but the new poet in which we are interested." Some famous names, however, are included in his anthology of 459 living poets — *Contemporary American Men Poets* ($3.00). His three latest volumes of single authors are *Drifting Petals*, by Hazel Dillon Harney ($1.50) — a book of modern aphorisms; *Earth Grace*, by Christine Hamilton Watson ($2.00) — a collection of sincere verse garnered from the poetry magazines; and *Star-Haunted*, by Gordon LeClaire ($2.00) — a Canadian poet with a popular newspaper following.

Another happy augury of the rising stars of metaphor and simile is the consecration manifested by patrons and whips of the poetic scene in the various States. For example, Ohio poets have a faithful friend in Tessa Sweazy Webb, herself a metrician of no mean talent. For the *Columbus Dispatch* she writes a Sunday column entitled "With the Poets." She is unflagging; she journeys to New York to the meetings of the Poetry Society of America and meets with smaller groups of poets everywhere. Any poet worthy the name who was fortunate enough to have been born in Ohio is now pretty sure of immortality. And Tessa Sweazy Webb is discriminating; she recently scotched the claims of a dubiously appointed "poet laureate of Ohio."

MILLAY'S LATEST

THE other recent poetry books presented to this column for rating may be tossed into three baskets labeled Verse of Distinction, Verse of Merit, Verse of Sincerity. Leader in the first group is, of course, *Conversation at Midnight*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay (Harper, $2.00). The nation's prize critics have already thumbed their dictionaries for words of discernment in praise or questioning of Edna Millay's latest experiment. This collection of poems in various meters is woven into a dialogue of nine persons who discuss the riddles of contemporary life. Communism and capitalism are among the many *isms* completely demolished in the course of the evening, and the whole leaves the reader in the end frustrated with a mocking, drunken, "Good night." This book is polemic rather than poetry. There are in evidence, to be sure, plenty of Millay's rapier adjectives and quick, passionate intuitions. The most revealing line is that of the stockbroker: "I'd rather arrive late in Chicago than in hell on time."

One reason that this new review of current philosophy fails to plumb the depths is that the characters are all overhead folks, vendors not of realities but of abstractions. Miss Millay should have included among her characters a successful dirt farmer — if such a human any longer exists — and an outspoken American shopkeeper. Miss Millay is the most skillful craftsman of all our metricians but she has yet to demonstrate her permanence as a minor poet. The best in the book is the dialogue about edible mushrooms. Sensitiveness to fungi and the subtler emanations of nature is a higher order of intelligence than a mastery of Marx or even the ability to compose music.

Next in the group of distinction comes *Hounds on The Mountain*, by James Still (Viking, $2.00), Parnassian stuff from a hillbilly. Kentucky mountain life is elevated to dignity by Mr. Still; similarly, *Country Men*, by James Hearst (Prairie, $2.00), is the refined and authentic idealism of the prairie farmer. *American Frontier*, by Elizabeth Peck (Doubleday, $2.00), is a sturdy narrative based on unpublished letters and diaries of a century of the westward adventure of our pioneers. *Poems*, by Etta Blum (Golden Eagle, $1.50), is a collection of delicate traceries in rhythm. *Poems*, by Ross Edwards Pierce (Arcturus, $1.50), celebrates the dreams of our braver youth in a generally supine age. His poems "God" and "Man" contain no offense either to the right or left. *The Maid of Orleans*, by Kerr Rainsford (Macmillan, $1.75), retells the story of Joan in a galaxy of meters against the animated background of French landscape and history. The poem combines the sympathy of the ballad and the freshness of medieval minstrelsy.

THE MERITORIOUS

OUR second group, poems of merit, is headed by *Brand Plucked from the Fire*, by Hessie E. Sampter (Jewish Publication Society, $2.50). Here is the passionate verse of a new Jerusalem on this earth. A Jewish poetess from New York lives and writes among the pioneers of Palestine. *No Silence Heard*, by Thelma Breithaupt (Tardy, Dallas, $1.50), is a volume of gracious single metaphors, similes, and aphorisms. *Prismatic Ground*, by Marguerite Young (Macmillan, $1.75), includes sophisticated lyrics but tender and open enough to be comprehended by many. *From Fallow*, by Anna R. Maskel (Humphries, $1.50), is verse companionable without becoming commonplace.

The last group of new books of verse is distinguished by their sincerity. *Great Adventure*, by Frank H. Woodstrike (World Publishing, $2.50), is the galloping verse of a virile adventurer — something to read at 3:30 A.M. *Campus Sonnets* is printed as a pamphlet by Isabel Fiske Conant. *A Hundred Years of Muskingum Verse* awakes one to the fact that nowadays college students are taught to rhyme as well as to spell. *New Leaves*, by Margaret Esher (Pegasus, $2.00) and *From A Hollywood Hillside*, by Robert Hinkelman (Fortuny, $1.50), are verse of personal release.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

FLAMING YOUTH?

To the Editor:

. . . I am taking the first opportunity to assure you that I heartily agree with Miss Courtney [Geraldine Courtney, author of "Immorality in Our Schools," September FORUM] in all that she says. This afternoon, three delinquent girls were brought into court. Two of the girls had recently run away from home and were later picked up in Chicago by the Traveler's Aid Society. Both girls were fourteen years of age and frankly admitted in their mothers' presence that they had first learned about intercourse after having been broken in by their elder brothers.

In the fourth section Miss Courtney mentions the fact that two enlightened mothers called on their principal to suggest the introduction of sex education in the curriculum. Like Miss Courtney, I marvel at the smug blindness of many fathers and mothers and candidly feel that the children should educate the parents in sex matters, rather than vice versa. I wish to compliment both yourself and Miss Courtney on the courageous attack you are making on the question of immorality in our schools.

To substantiate this article, I wish that you would contact District Attorney William F. Geoghan of Brooklyn, New York, who recently made a thorough investigation of such matters in Brooklyn. Several weeks ago, I read in the Delinquency News Letter, which is published by the University of Michigan, the report which District Attorney Geoghan gave, and was startled to find that he had discovered that six hundred contraceptive devices had been sold in one week to students in a single high school. Mr. Geoghan is quoted in the Delinquency News Letter as declaring that immorality is wide-spread in at least six high schools in Brooklyn. A few days after reading Mr. Geoghan's report, I contacted a druggist in a neighboring state, who operates a drug store near a high school and asked if he believed Mr. Geoghan's report were true. The druggist confidentially informed me that many high school girls in his district showed no embarrassment whatsoever in asking for rubber contraceptives, and frankly admitted that they used same to eliminate the possibility of contracting social diseases.

. . . . . .

MALCOLM HATFIELD
Probate Judge
Probate Court of Berrien County
St. Joseph, Mich.

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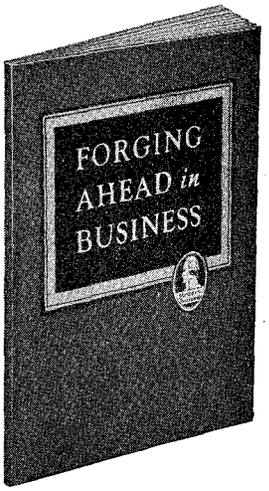

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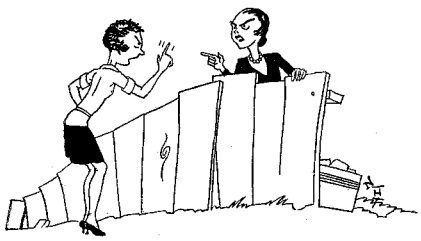
Our Rostrum

To the Editor:

It is possible that Geraldine Courtney knows a great deal about the sexual habits of the high school students whom she teaches, but it is equally possible that the conclusions which she draws from her knowledge are erroneous. Her very interesting article in the September FORUM, "Immorality in Our Schools," paints a very dark picture indeed of a small minority of American high school students — Miss Courtney herself admits that she



has in mind only the socially active twenty-five per cent — but it is at least possible that the behavior of such students is no more immoral than was the behavior of students ten or twenty or fifty years ago, and it may very well be more honest.

That there is more sexual experimentation now than there was in Miss Courtney's high school days is very likely true, but it is very easy indeed for teachers and parents and everybody else to confuse sexual activity with immorality, and to look upon such expressions as immorality and sexual immorality as synonymous. Of course they are not. And while the majority of parents undoubtedly consider any sexual experimentation on the part of their children as something very much to be deplored, it may surprise Miss Courtney to know that a small minority of parents no longer feel that way about the matter. And this latter group of parents contains some of the honored and truly moral citizens of any community.

That all children should receive a complete knowledge of the physiology and hygiene of sex probably no one will deny, but there are very strong arguments indeed against postponing the giving of this knowledge until adolescence. If a child should be given sex instruction at all — and he certainly should, and in school — his factual knowledge should be practically complete at least several years before the beginning of adolescence. It would be very strange reasoning that would advocate a delay in the giving of sex instruction until that time when a child was so emotionally aroused that he was quite incapable of receiving it rationally. To do Miss Courtney justice, she has not, in her article, advocated sex teaching in high school and college only.

But even if parents could be brought to agree about the desirability of some kind of sex instruction for their children, they very likely could never agree about the particular way in which it should be given and the extent of it. And if anything more than instruction in the bald facts of sex were attempted, provided sex could be divorced from its emotional overtones, there would be found a great many parents to object to any instruction at all. For at no time in modern society, at least, has there been any unanimity of feeling about what is right and what is wrong where sex is concerned, and there is probably less now than there ever has been.

And lastly, and most important of all, instruction in sex, however complete and careful, will never keep many children from experimenting with it particularly in adolescence. As a matter of fact, probably no parent or teacher can do very much to help the children under his control during adolescence unless he encourages them to maintain the standards which they should have been taught to set up for their conduct during early childhood. And these standards will be largely personal standards, and not sexual standards at all except incidentally.

It would undoubtedly be a wise proceeding to give high school students information about contraception, but if Miss Courtney thinks that is going a little too far she should not think it going too far to urge that the honest mistakes which students will make be not looked upon with horror. If a high school child is honest and unselfish, and many more children than one might expect are both, and if he has a knowledge of the hygiene and mechanics of sex, no one need worry about his sexual errors.

LOUISE DAVIES

Ventura, Calif.

JUST BABIES

To the Editor:

I have just finished "The Maternity Racket," by Bettie Dilbeck [September FORUM]. I consider it one of the best articles that I have ever read. While it presents a merciless indictment of our present economic system, it is, at the same time, highly amusing. A rare combination, indeed.

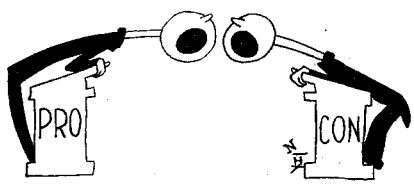
GILBERT T. HUNTER

Rosselyn, Va.

To the Editor:

While it seems lightly amusing, I cannot say that I am much impressed by Miss Dilbeck's article. . . .

I detect in Miss Dilbeck's article the familiar plaintive objection in principle to all advertising and sales effort. This now appears to be the fashion among some self-appointed spokesmen for consumers, who always seem to be irked and made miserable by the normal course of business offerings. It seems to them a dastardly conspiracy for anyone to use type and ink to mention that they have a new idea to sell. Aside from the medical practice of sending people to specialists, and no doubt collecting split fees, which is certainly a general evil not at all confined to baby specialists, I do not see what is so upsetting to Miss Dilbeck. Just why should business people refrain from offering their special baby goods and services? Just why is it so devastating, and why is it a "racket" (bromidic, portfolio word of the day!) if a department store offers lectures by competent child experts? Nobody has to attend who doesn't want



to. If another shop offers unique baby goods or services, nobody has to buy who isn't convinced. And throwing a circular into the wastebasket takes very, very few calories of energy! Women are supposed to acquire at least a little discrimination and baby knowledge before a birth, and not be dumb, driven sheep.

. . . Women with babies are often themselves the ones who fuss and fume over specialists and who demand from doctors fancy medical extras; ask any good doctor for details. Their little darling must have one or two experts and all kinds of special tests if he so much as cries at an hour when he shouldn't be crying. . . . Dig into the beauty "racket," Miss Dilbeck, if you want real material for astonishment and dismay!

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

New York, N. Y.

PSYCHIC DEPARTMENT

To the Editor:

It was indeed a great consolation for me to learn from Mr. Conan Doyle's essay ["Life after Death," by Denis Conan Doyle, September FORUM] that the angels in heaven are closely watching the bargains on the used car market (what a dull place heaven would be without a little business activity!) and are eager to warn their beloved ones against buying an automobile with cracked cylinder walls or even greater defects. This revelation means a lot to me, because I was planning to buy a used Ford coupe this week, but will of course now wait for a spiritual wireless signal from my beloved grandfather, who used to be a first class motor mechanic, trusting the old Gentleman actually landed in heaven and not in a little warmer place further down, because — to admit the truth — he used to drink and swear so much.

CHARLES I. DIOT

322 Dumbdora Ave.
Toonersville

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Our Rostrum

To the Editor:

I wish to express my deepest appreciation to you for printing "Life after Death" in THE FORUM for this month. It seems to me that in our present age where science rules as king, the article "Life after Death" will make men whose God is science turn aside to ponder their true destiny.

CARL H. KELLER

State College, Pa.

HIGH PRAISE

To the Editor:

I am enclosing a money order of eight dollars for two one year FORUM Subscriptions from August 1937 — August 1938 — to be sent to the following persons. . . .

For some time I have been getting the FORUM magazine at our branch library. Your magazine within the last year has had every article so outstanding that we feel we want to have it in our home. So many of the other prominent magazines of late have had only one or two articles that are of interest. We do trust you will continue on with your high standards of articles that are so worth while.

MRS. STEWART H. WEBSTER

Washington, D. C.

MAYER v. CHICAGO SCHOOLS

To the Editor:

The anonymous authorities Mr. McJunkin cites in "Saving Chicago's Schools — a Reply to Milton Mayer's Attack" (August FORUM) are, of course, unanswerable. I can, however, bring the discussion up to date by presenting five developments which occurred *after* the deadline for my article ("How to Wreck Your Schools," May FORUM) but *before* the deadline for Mr. McJunkin's article. I assume that the only reason Mr. McJunkin did not mention them is that he is, like most members of the Chicago Board of Education, a very busy man.

1. On May 19, 1937, Dean Charles H. Judd of the University of Chicago Department of Education and Dean Ernest O. Melby of the Northwestern University Department of Education addressed a mass meeting in Chicago.

Said Dr. Judd: ". . . Chicago will rise as it has risen again and again and drive into oblivion those who trample on its children. Go to your task and clean up our municipal Augean stable. . . ."

Said Dr. Melby: ". . . Seemingly there was a time when graft and political intrigue were confined to the financial and physical aspects of the educational system. Now this same graft and intrigue threaten to honeycomb the educational system. . . ."

2. In the May FORUM I wrote of the principals' examination, the results of which were still unannounced, that "it is alleged that the results were known before the examination was given." Shortly thereafter the results were announced. Among those who passed were a sister-in-law of Frank Zintak, who resigned as Clerk of the Superior Court (but retained his position as Democratic Ward Committeeman) when he was indicted for embezzlement; a sister of Alderman Terrence Moran; a sister of Municipal Judge Gibson Gorman; a niece of former State's Attorney Bob Crowe; a daughter of Park Police Chief Michael Hayes; a daughter of former County Assessor Michael Sheridan; a sister of President

McCahey of the Board of Education; the former secretary to Superintendent of Schools Johnson; a sister of U. S. District Attorney Mike Igoe; a niece of County Clerk and Democratic Ward Committeeman Michael Flynn; a sister of State Representative (and Democratic Ward Committeeman) William Powers; a sister of Chief Counsel Frank Righeimer of the Board of Education; and the two teachers who (according to the *Tribune*, which is not the enemy but the mouthpiece of the Kelly-Nash machine) organized the fly-by-night Horace Mann Club to endorse Johnson for the superintendency.

Said the *Daily Times*, which has never been accused of unfriendliness to the Kelly-Nash machine:

"Of the 15 who were immediately assigned to schools, according to the Executive Secretary O. C. Taubenek of the Chicago Principals' Club, one is Marie McCahey, sister of James B. McCahey, president of the Board of Education; eight are friends of the McCahey family; and six have relatives or friends with political influence. This the *Times* has checked and found to be true."

The *Times* went on:

"Confronted with this lineup, McCahey shrugged his shoulders and said, 'Everybody has a relative or friend in politics.'"

3. The City Club invited first Board President McCahey and then Superintendent Johnson to appear before a civic forum at which the charges against the Board of Education were to be discussed. Mayor Kelly said he was sure Mr. McCahey and Mr. Johnson would be glad to appear. Said Mr. McCahey, declining to appear:

"If anything constructive could be accomplished by such an appearance, you may be sure I should be glad to avail myself of the privilege. However, the policy of the Board has been to ignore reckless and irresponsible charges, and

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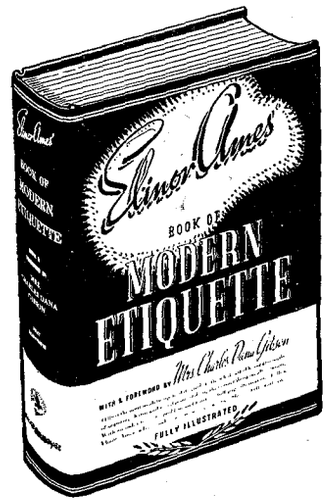

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Our Rostrum

my judgment is that the school system, which is of paramount importance, will not be benefited in any degree by my participation in a discussion before your organization of the charges to which you refer."

Said Mr. Johnson, declining to appear: nothing.

4. Investigations of the Chicago Board of Education are being conducted by the City Club, the Citizens Schools Committee, the Chicago Church Federation (with reference to charges of religious instruction), and the Chicago Teachers Union.

5. William T. McCoy, one of the most widely respected teachers and administrators in the Chicago system, has filed suit against the Board of Education, demanding reinstatement to the principalship from which he was removed without a trial or hearing. He is represented by Thomas Marshall, attorney for the *Chicago Daily News*, and Henry P. Chandler, former president of the Union League Club and a member of the Citizens Schools Committee.

MILTON S. MAYER

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

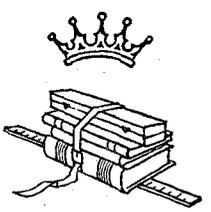
. . . . . .

I begin where Board Member McJunkin ended in his article published in the August FORUM: "May God help the school children of Chicago." Mr. McJunkin invokes the higher power to protect the school children of Chicago if and when the present Board of Education loses its control. Increasingly large numbers of Chicago citizens, however, are hoping that Justice will save the public schools of this city from the clutches of the present Board *before* the octopus of spoils politics drains them of the last bit of vigor and vitality.

Articles written by board members in their own behalf are as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." They fall on a public ear that is hardened by experience and deaf to smooth words. When did politicians, however corrupt, not defend themselves?

Mr. McJunkin says, "Educationally the city's school system is better than before, and is nationally recognized in educational circles as top notch." Listen for the reverberations!

Dean Charles H. Judd of the University of Chicago spoke from a nationwide acquaintance with public school systems when he said of the present situation in Chicago, "The educational world looks upon the administration of the Chicago schools as illustrating almost everything which should not be. The schools of this city are the subject of pity and contempt. At the head of the system is a public official who has usurped powers not exercised or even claimed by the corresponding officer in any other great school system on this continent." Prof. William C. Reavis, national authority on school administration, saw the tentacles of the octopus reaching down in the individual school and feeding upon the very life of the principalship when he wrote recently: "Political issues are introduced complicating local administration and impairing professional morale. The principal is now compelled to take into consideration invisible forces which may question his authority as the head of the local school and may jeopardize his future as a principal within the system. The tendency



warrants the prediction that the school principalship in Chicago will not long continue to offer a satisfactory career to professionally trained men and women if they must become political puppets of the Board of Education to secure appointments and promotions."

Mr. McJunkin says that teacher morale in Chicago is higher than it has been for many years. What does Mr. McJunkin know of the teachers except the small percentage of hangers-on who bow and scrape before political favorites in order that they may share in the spoils? Dean Ernest O. Melby, of Northwestern University, answered Mr. McJunkin before he spoke. He said recently: "For nearly nine years I have worked in close association with literally thousands of Chicago teachers and hundreds of principals and administrative officers. Not even in the darkest days of 1933 were they in as low a state of morale as they have been during the past few months. Seemingly there was a time when graft and political intrigue were confined to the financial and physical aspects of the school system. Now the same graft and intrigue threaten to honeycomb the educational structure of the school system. Fear of espionage and reprisal penetrate the remotest corners and classrooms of the Chicago system."

The foregoing university men are "top-rank educators," and this is what they say. Why doesn't Mr. McJunkin name his "top-rankers" who say that the schools of Chicago are "getting better month by month?" The public is sick and tired of hearing about nameless "famous educators" who advised in 1933 that the schools be stripped of every progressive feature and continue to proclaim that they get "better and better" as political control becomes greater and greater.

Mr. McJunkin infers, but has not the nerve to say, that the late Superintendent Bogan chose the present Superintendent William H. Johnson as his assistant superintendent. He evidently knows that Mr. Bogan exhausted every possible avenue of protest and surrendered only when he was ordered to accept Johnson, or the Board would "clean out the second floor" — the Superintendent's office. Since Mr. Bogan can no longer speak for himself, and the Board continues its cowardly attacks upon him, it is time for the people who know the facts to speak in his behalf. This is the way by which the present Board put over many more of its plans, which may technically be Mr. Bogan's recommendations but which in reality he never endorsed, and which were contrary to his judgment as an educator.

No money to restore the school term, Mr. McJunkin says. No money to pay teachers decent salaries? No money to provide manual arts for elementary schools? Chicago's tax bills are increasing, but there are no increased or even restored benefits to its public-school children. Moreover, the Chicago political machine killed the state school board bill in the legislature, which would have been a constructive first step in solving our financial and other school problems, and defeated the bill to increase the state fund for schools by a vote of 32 to 2, of the Chicago Democrats. Is the political

machine allied with determined forces to wreck public education completely?

"No money" is an old record that has been worn thin and squeaky. The latest figures from the United States Office of Education say that Chicago spends 25% less per capita on the instruction of its children than the average of 70 of the largest cities in the United States. The whole nation can't be wrong. A political machine that can find the money to maintain itself in the luxury to which it has accustomed itself, can find the money to educate its children. It will do so when the public unites to demand it.

MRS. MABEL P. SIMPSON
Executive Secretary
Citizens Schools Committee
Chicago, Ill.

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